The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. W. M. Rossetti for kindly lending us several of the Rossetti sketches and portraits reproduced in this number and giving permission for the reproduction of others.

Our portrait of Rossetti on the cover is from that in the National Portrait Gallery, painted by Watts in 1865.

Mr. William Michael Rossetti has edited and elucidated the Diary of John William Polidori, the friend of Byron and Shelley, and the book is published this week by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) lately arrived in London and is staying at the York Hotel, Albemarle Street.

Mrs. George Haven Putnam, wife of the head of G. P. Putnam's Sons, is spending May and June in London. Mrs. Putnam's latest book, "The Lady," has been most favourably received by the reviewers and is being very widely read.

Mr. H. B. Cotterill has completed a new verse translation of the Odyssey, and the book is to be published in quarto this September by Messrs. Harrap, with twenty-four illustrations by Mr. Patten Wilson.

"Red Paint" is the title given to a delightfully humorous book written by L. E. Filmore and arranged by A. E. Johnson, in which the Imperial exhibitions and festivities of this Coronation period are burlesqued in the quaintest, gayest spirit of irresponsible merriment. An assertive Cockney painter sets out on a fantastic dream-tour of the Empire, and the sights he sees in all parts of it are cleverly illustrated in the same joyous spirit by John Hassall, Dudley Hardy, Heath Robinson, Frank Reynolds, Harry Rountree, René Bull, Norman Morrow, Lawson Wood, and some eight other of our most popular humorous artists.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was the guest of honour last month at a complimentary luncheon given by Messrs. Gay & Hancock at the Connaught Rooms.

Photo by James Bacon & Sons. **Sir Walter Runciman.**

Whose new book, "The Tragedy of St. Helena," is reviewed on page 133.

The sixty-two guests who were present included several well-known authors and journalists and some of the leading London booksellers. Among the speakers were Mr. Frank Holme-Sumner, Dr. Humphreys, Mr. Gay, Mr. Denny, Mr. G. E. Morrison, and Mr. W. T. Stead. Mr. Stead remarked that the poem which most stirred the hearts of our Royal family and of multitudes of our people at the time when the world was mourning the loss of Queen Victoria was from the pen of Mrs. Wilcox, and he questioned whether even President Taft's treaty proposals would do so much to draw the people of Britain and America together and to promote community of feeling between them as did the writings of such authors of genius as Mrs. Wilcox whose words were read and appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic. Some said the test of religion was faith, others that it was love, but he thought it was joy: joy in the face of a mortal was the reflection of the face of God; and few living writers had done more to promote pure, uplifting joy in human life than Ella Wheeler Wilcox. In place of any speech by Mrs. Wilcox a Coronation Ode that she had just written was read by Mr. Sumner, a copy of whose "Great Thoughts for Each Day's Life," compiled from the works of Mrs. Wilcox and published last week by Messrs. Gay & Hancock, was presented to each guest.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith is publishing in the autumn a shilling edition of Miss Marie Corelli's novel, "Ziska."

Mr. J. D. Beresford is a new writer of great promise. His first book, "Jacob Stahl," was published by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson and is reviewed on another page. Mr. Beresford has written a second book, "The Hampdenshire Wonder," which is to be issued shortly by the same firm.

Lovers of Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" will be pleased to hear that a movement has been started in America with the object of preserving and keeping intact the Orchard House at Concord, Massachusetts, in which the Alcott family lived for many years. A portion of the funds required has already been subscribed, mostly in small amounts, and an international appeal is now being made for assistance. Those interested should communicate with Mr. Henry F. Smith, Junr., Middlesex Institution for Savings, Concord, Mass., U.S.A.

Another admirable series of cheap reprints is "John Long's Sixpenny Net (Cloth) Novels." The first three volumes that have now appeared are Robert Buchanan's "Father Anthony," "Delilah of the Snows," by Harold Bindloss, and "Only Betty," by Curtis Yorke. The books are clearly printed, neatly bound, and of a handy pocket size.

The Rev. E. S. Buchanan, who has taken a leading part in editing the Oxford Old Latin Biblical Texts, has completed a new work on the most

Photo by C. Vandyk. **Mr. J. D. Beresford.**

Photo by Kate Pragnell.

Mrs. Priscilla Craven,

Whose new novel, "The School of Love," has just been published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

ancient MSS. of the Scriptures, which will be published by Mr. John Ouseley under the title of "The Records Unrolled."

Mr. John Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan" has been revived at the Little Theatre by Miss Lillah McCarthy for a series of matinées, and a separate reprint of the play, with a preface by Mr. Masefield, has been published by Mr. Grant Richards.

Referring to our review of "The Memoirs of Countess Golovine," Mr. Fox-Davies asks us to say his book is not a re-translation. The original MS. of the Countess was written in French and reproduced word for word in the French edition from which his translation is made, but he has availed himself of the French editor's notes and preface.

Mr. J. W. Gilmer, for the last sixteen years associated with Mr. William Heinemann's firm, has been appointed Managing Director of Sprigg, Pedrick, Ltd., who have taken over the literary agency business of Messrs. Sprigg, Pedrick & Co. The business is being carried on at the old address, 110, St. Martin's Lane, and we cordially wish Mr. Gilmer success in the new duties upon which he has already entered.

"The Children of the Slums," by James Samuelson, will be published shortly by the Liverpool Booksellers' Company. The book will deal with the lives, sufferings, and rescue of such children, and will supply full details concerning some of the leading British institutions for dealing with this problem, and of the Homes and distributing centres in the Colonies; the object being to make this a useful reference work for all persons interested in the reclamation of destitute children. The same firm are issuing an edition of Young's "Night Thoughts," with photogravure reproductions of twenty-eight of Blake's illustrations.

Miss Jeanie Rose Brewer has written a book dealing with Queen Mary as a child, as a wife, and as a mother, and it is published by the Religious Tract Society under the title of "The Life Story of our Gracious Queen Mary."

Miss Theodora Wilson Wilson, whose successful new novel, "Moll o' the Toll Bar" (Hutchinson), we reviewed last month, was born and bred in Westmoreland, and the thought and feeling, dialect and scenery of Westmoreland and the North Country enter largely into most of her work. She has written fourteen books in all, including seven novels and five books for children, and has just completed a new children's story, "The Taming of Judith," which Messrs. Blackie are publishing this Christmas. Miss Wilson is one of the most popular of our magazine writers, and has three new novels in preparation, two of modern life and one a historical romance of the days of King John. The book of her own that Miss Wilson values most is her last autumn story, "The Search of the Child"—the story of a child's search for the reason of the sorrow of God.

Every month brings with it its score or more of new volumes of poetry, and when there are two among them that are deserving of more than brief notice we feel that the month has been fruitful. This month has brought the "Poems" of Emery

Photo by Gilbert Hogg, Kendal.

Miss Theodora Wilson Wilson.

Author of "Moll o' the Toll Bar." (Hutchinson.)

Pottle (Methuen) and "Flints and Flashes" by E. H. Visiak (Elkin Mathews), and we are giving adequate attention to both books next month. Mr. Pottle's name and work is new to us; Mr. Visiak we know as the author of "The Haunted Island" and "Buccaneer Ballads." He has been writing industriously since a very early age. Four years ago he edited and published a journal for boys, *Our Magazine*, which was run on rather novel lines and circulated about a thousand at public and preparatory schools, and to this journal he contributed a serial, which he wrote from month to month, not knowing how it was going to develop and allowing it largely to take its own course. Later, he used this serial as a sort of quarry out of which he dug his admirable romance "The Haunted Island." He is at present busy on a novel of modern life, and is writing a series of tales of the buccaneers for a contemporary.

Mr. Joseph Clayton, whose new novel, "The Underman" (Secker), we recently reviewed, has written some half-dozen biographies, novels, and historical studies, and is well known both as a journalist and a public speaker. For some three years he was one of the secretaries of the Independent Labour Party; he was Hutchinson Trust Lecturer to the Fabian Society, and served as an election agent in three Parliamentary contests. He has had a varied and strenuous career, has been a clerk, a gas stoker, an elementary school teacher, a manager of elementary schools under the London School Board, and a private coach. In 1906-7 he was editor of the *New Age*; he is on the committee of the Humanitarian League, and is a stalwart supporter of Woman's Suffrage, and there is some talk of his standing as a Parliamentary candidate in that interest at the next election.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Joseph Clayton.**

Photo by Booker & Sullivan. **Mr. E. H. Visiak.**

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just published "The People's Insurance" explained by the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George. The book contains the corrected text of the Chancellor's speech in the House, the text of the Bill, complete and carefully arranged information with regard to it, and an exhaustive index, which should prove invaluable to all who are concerned with the Bill or want to consult it on any particular point.

"The Literary Pageant," which is being brought out in aid of the Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund, will be published by Mr. Werner Laurie immediately. It contains about seventy-five thousand words of letterpress and twenty full-page drawings by the most eminent of living authors and artists. The publication is unique among its

kind in that it contains no advertisements of any description. The whole idea, the profits from which are to go to the Middlesex Hospital, is the outcome of a suggestion from Mrs. Stanley Portal Hyatt, and she and her husband, the well-known novelist, have done the whole of the editorial work in addition to attending to the business side of the arrangements.

Many of our Rossetti portraits, photographs, and pictures are from the admirable collection of Mr. A. Rischgitz; a number of others, including those from prints belonging to Messrs. Mansell & Co., are supplied by the Art Illustration and Reproduction Company; and for others our thanks are due to Messrs. Longmans and Messrs. G. Bell & Sons. For assistance with the general illustrations in this Number we are indebted to Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Messrs. Cassell, and Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Miss Edith Taliaferro at the last performance of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Republic Theatre, New York:

Rebecca's heart with joy is beating fast
That she can thus your loyal friendship hold;
Since first she came to town six months have passed,
And soon she'll be three hundred times as old
As when her stage-coach rumbled to the door,
And she alighted, trembling,—half-afraid
Of busy Broadway with its noise and roar;
But Broadway came, and smiled, and so she stayed;
The Aunts stayed too, Aladdin, Uncle Jerry,
The Simpsons, Mrs. Perkins (and her tongue!)
The children, and Abijah, making merry,
As if you, down in front, were just as young! . . .

We wonder why you've liked our simple play!
Did mem'ry conjure up some "long ago,"—
Some bright-hued moment in life's dusty way,
Some old brick house with hollyhocks a-row?
Did just a whiff of wholesome country air,
Blowing o'er clover fields and wayside flowers,
Drift to your velvet-covered seats down there,
And set you dreaming of dear, bygone hours?—
Or did the spirit of the eternal child,
That works such magic in the human heart,—
Did youth with just its native wood-notes wild,
Charm and beguile, without a conscious art?—
We only know we've won your smiles and tears,
You've made our daily task a pure delight;
You've changed to hope and joy our earlier fears,
And so we thank you all!—good-night! good-night!—*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

RALPH STRAUS.

I BELIEVE Mr. Ralph Straus has published some very serious philosophic books—we all do when we are young—but I am glad to say that I have not yet read "The Dust which is God." I do not intend to do so. It would be like reading Sterne's sermons. My impression of Mr. Ralph Straus would be disturbed thereby. My present idea of him personally agrees so well with the character of those works of his which I have read, that I would not care to disarrange it. Besides, I think that the author of "The Scandalous Mr. Waldo" is in his lighter moments a singularly charming and faithful autobiographer. Some time after I had made his acquaintance in "Mr. Waldo," I met him in the flesh. It was just like meeting a delightful friend.

The fact is, Mr. Straus is a writer of the family of Sterne. *Le livre c'est l'homme même.* Young, fresh, urbane, and quietly witty, with some delightful out-of-the-way tastes and a certain gay responsibility, he is one of the most pleasant men in London to chat with. He doesn't really take life very seriously, and this, I think, is one of the reasons why his novels are so naturally whimsical and full of entertainment. The great thing in his favour is that he is only twenty-seven years of age; his last novel, written about two years ago, has a curious flavour, compounded, I think, of the good-humoured gaiety of youth and an acquired meditativeness born of years of hard study.

Mr. Straus is really a very profound and laborious student. His first work of importance was a "Life of John Baskerville," the famous printer of the eighteenth century; and his last work, at present, is a splendidly documented study of "Robert Dodsley," the footman who became a poet and playwright and is still remembered as a publisher. Dedicated to Mr. Austin Dobson, "Robert Dodsley" (Lane) is written with a fulness of knowledge, a lightness of touch, a relish for charming eccentricities of character, which show that the author is an admirable disciple of our master of eighteenth-century lore. Dodsley himself is a figure so alluring to a writer with a feeling for the finer shades of the art of biography, that Mr. Straus was naturally drawn to him. Closely connected with the literature and social life of England from the days of Pope to the days of Burke, the famous publisher had a romantic career and a genius for friendship. Pope seems to have

met him when he was a footman, and it was a present of £100 from the poet which enabled Dodsley to set up as a publisher, and in turn introduce Dr. Johnson to fame as the author of "London," and give Burke his start in life as writer of the "Annual Register."

"Doddy" is indeed one of those lovable, interesting men who are difficult to find in any age. Everybody's friend, in love with books and bookish people, he leads his biographer into all sorts of delightful byways of eighteenth-century life. Mr. Straus is a lover of these byways, and he follows his Doddy throughout his career with a fine zest. I went with him in delight until I came to the last hundred pages of his book, There I left him, in spite of the fact that these hundred pages are the most valuable part of the volume, and display in a remarkable way Mr. Straus's power of hard, steady work. They contain a chronological and annotated list of all the books published by Dodsley from 1735 to 1764.

I must confess I know more about the life and letters of the seventeenth century than I do about those of the days of Queen Anne and the Georges; and I therefore cannot speak with any authority about Mr. Straus's essays in eighteenth-century bibliography. But I understand from men better acquainted with the matter than I am that what he does not know about the books, printers, and publishers of his favourite period no one else does. He has an immense library on the subject, and all the booksellers of London know him. If he bids for a book, other men will run the price up merely on the assumption that, since Straus wants it, it must be rare and worth having. He now finds it less expensive to get friends to buy for him.

Photo by U.S.A. Studios, London, W.
Mr. Ralph Straus.

One hobby leads to another. Owing to his interest in our old printers, Mr. Straus has become himself an expert in the printing of books. He possesses one of the earliest iron presses invented by Lord Stanhope in 1801, and a stock of old-faced Caslon type. His masterpiece is a magnificent edition of "Petronius," with the Latin text and a Caroline version. He set up all the type himself, printing twenty-four pages at a time —as his stock of type was a small one—and worked on the old-fashioned press until the heavy job was at last completed. I dare say it was interrupted by long yachting excursions, for Mr. Straus never allows business to interfere with pleasure. It strikes me that this is why his novels are so fresh in tone and yet so full of life and thought. They are never written at a stretch, but done in the eighteenth-century manner as a leisurely recreation. Among the other works which Mr. Straus has printed are "Flower of the Rose" by Mr. W. J. Locke, and "The Country of the Blind" by Mr. H. G. Wells. I remember reading the last tale in a magazine some years ago; I have always thought it was the subtlest and the best written of Mr. Wells's short pieces, and this I hear from Mr. Straus is the author's own opinion.

If Mr. Straus has a failing, it is just a little self-consciousness. I think he rather likes to look at himself from the outside. Oxford would have spoilt him. Happily he went to Harrow and thence to Pembroke College, Cambridge, with a Foundation Scholarship in Zoology. Apparently the authorities thought he pursued literature and rackets with too great a zest; the result was that he took a pass in history and was entitled to write after his name "Sometime Foundation Scholar." This he finds very comforting.

I am afraid it was while he was at Cambridge that he began seriously to cultivate another art, which may yet destroy him as a printer and a novelist. Surreptitiously, he joined various travelling theatrical companies, with a view to learning thoroughly the technique of play-writing. He has never confessed it, but I suspect him of being stage-struck. If the skeleton in the secret cupboard of his library were dragged out, I am sure it would be found to be a little stage with marionettes, and a drawer at the bottom containing a litter of unfinished plays. Yes! he will end, like his friend Mr. Locke, as an admirable playwright with a new and charming style of comedy. But before this happens he will certainly become a popular novelist of the best school. He has everything that a young writer of fine talent can wish for: an original turn of mind, a feeling for the humorous side of life, a sense of the underlying tragedy of things, a graceful way of writing, and a relish for delightful oddnesses of character. I have never been able to understand why "The Scandalous Mr. Waldo" was not a great success. Perhaps the work on which Mr. Straus is now engaged will convince the larger reading public of the singular merits of the author. The hero of the still unfinished story is a Cambridge don, bookworm, hermit, and eccentric, who has never kissed a woman in his life. A woman kisses him, by

mistake of course, and then—well, his nature expands, and many things happen. If you will read "Mr. Waldo" you will see how lovingly and with what freshness of vision Mr. Straus draws a quaint character of this sort. Mr. Straus is also engaged on a Life of William Shenstone, for which he has collected a great heap of new documents, including many unpublished letters of the writer of "The Schoolmistress." The book, I expect, will be issued by Mr. John Lane.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

June 1 to July 1, 1911.

Messrs. Appleton & Co.

HALL, STANLEY.—Educational Problems. 2 Vols. 31s. 6d. net.
HODGES, GEORGE.—The Training of Children in Religion. 6s. net.
MOZANS, H. J.—Along the Andes and Down the Amazon. Profusely illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

DIVER, MAUD.—Candles in the Wind. 1s. net.
GRATTON, LIEUT.-COL. G. LE M.—Campaigns and History of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment. Illustrated. 6s. net.
HAY, IAN.—The Right Stuff. With illustrated wrapper in three colours. 1s. net.
LANG, ANDREW.—A Short History of Scotland. With illustrative ballads. 5s. net.
SAINTSBURY, PROF.—A History of English Criticism. 7s. 6d. net.
SIMPSON, VIOLET.—In Fancy's Mirror. 6s.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

ALEXANDER, J.—The Truth about Egypt. 7s. 6d. net.
COULVAIN, PIERRE DE.—The Unknown Isle. 6s. net.
DEEPING, WARWICK.—The Seven Streams 1s. net.
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—The Jesuit. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Wm. Heinemann.

CLOWES, E. M.—On the Wallaby. 6s. net.
DALTON, SIR CORNELIUS.—The Real Captain Kidd. 5s. net.
MORDAUNT, ELEANOR.—A Ship of Solace. 2s. net.
POLLARD, PERCEVAL.—Masks and Minstrels of New Germany. 5s. net.
SCHWANN, DUNCAN.—The Book of a Bachelor. 2s. net.
SPOTTISWOODE, SYBIL.—Her Husband's Country.
Author of "Hedwig in England."—Marcia in Germany. 1s. net.

Messrs. Herbert & Daniel.

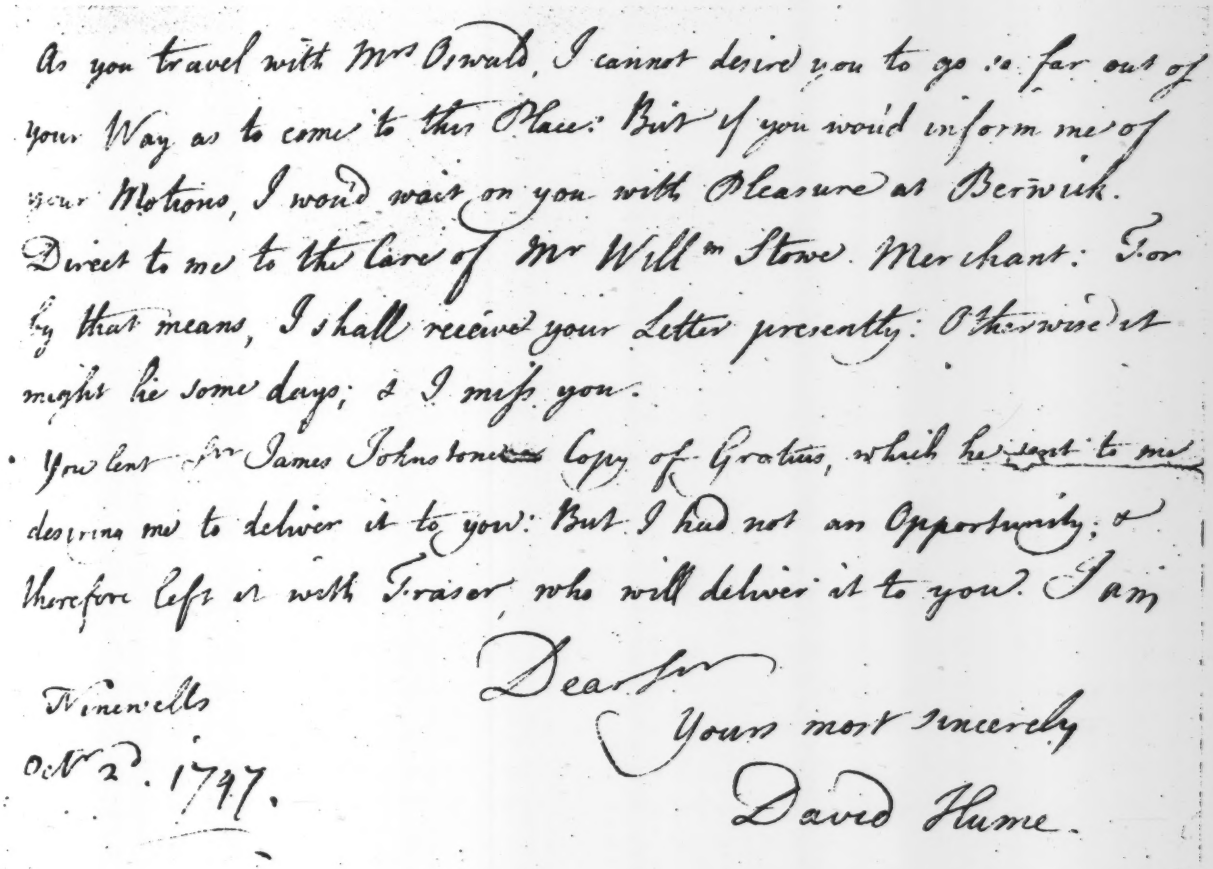
BRAILSFORD, H. N.—Adventures in Prose: a Book of Essays. 5s. net.

The Regent Library, 2s. 6d. net each:

KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA (Edited by).—Samuel Richardson.
MEYNELL, ALICE (Edited by).—Johnson. Preface by G. K. Chesterton.
MOORHOUSE, E. H. (Edited by).—Wordsworth.
STORER, EDWARD (Edited by).—Leigh Hunt.

Illustrated Literary Cyclopædias, 3s. 6d. net each:

EGERTON-CASTLE, MARIE-LOUISE.—Italian Literature.
FIELD, CLAUDE.—Persian Literature.



As you travel with Mrs Oswald, I cannot desire you to go so far out of your Way as to come to this Place: But if you would inform me of your Motions, I would wait on you with Pleasure at Berwick. Direct to me to the Care of Mr Will^m Stowe Merchant: For by that means, I shall receive your Letter presently: Otherwise it might lie some days; & I miss you.

You left for James Johnstone's Copy of Grotius, which he sent to me desiring me to deliver it to you: But I had not an Opportunity; & therefore left it with Fraser, who will deliver it to you. I am

Dear Sir
Your most sincerely
David Hume.

Wineyells
Oct^r 2. 1747.

Facsimile of conclusion of an autograph letter from David Hume to James Oswald of Dunnikier, quoted in Centenary article on Hume, by Ralph Straus (page 127).

The letter is the property of Mr. Straus, and is reproduced with his permission.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

BARLOW, JANE.—Flaws. 6s.
BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—The Dawn of All. 6s.
CONYERS, DOROTHEA.—Lady Elverton's Emeralds. 7d. net.
EARLAND, ADA.—Ruskin and His Circle. 1s. net.
GRIMSHAW, BEATRICE.—In the Strange South Seas. 1s. net.
HUDSON, W. H.—Afoot in England. New Edition. 6s. net.
JEROME, JEROME K.—They and I. 2s. net.
LAIR, JULES.—Louise de la Vallière. 1s. net.
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Gamblers. 7d. net.
MASKELL, HENRY P. (Editor).—Photography. 5s. net.
MONTRÉSOR, F. F.—Into the Highways and Hedges. 7d. net.
ROSS, JOHN DILL.—Sixty Years' Life and Adventure in the Far East. 2 Vols. 24s. net.
TAYLOR, J. H.—Taylor on Golf. Revised Edition. 3s. 6d. net.
THOMAS, EDWARD.—Richard Jefferies. 1s. net.
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—A Princess of Intrigue. 1s. net.

Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack.

AMBLER, BENJAMIN.—Tennyson. (The Pilgrim Books Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
BUNYARD, GEORGE, V.M.H.—Apples and Pears. (Present Day Gardening Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
FOLEY, EDWIN.—The Book of Decorative Furniture. Part XIII. 2s. 6d. net.
GROVE, A., F. L. S.—Lilies. (Present Day Gardening Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
KIRKMAN, F. B., B.A. (Oxon).—The British Bird Book. Section V. 10s. 6d. net.
MACFALL, C. HALDANE.—History of Painting. Vol. V. 7s. 6d. net.
MORRISON, ARTHUR.—The Painters of Japan. 2 Vols. £5 5s. net per set. Edition de Luxe, £10 10s. net per set.
SYMON, JAMES.—Ruskin. (The Pilgrim Books Series.) 1s. 6d. net.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

BLYTHE, JAMES.—The Weaning. Cheap Edition. 1s.
D'AUVERGNE, E. B.—Famous Castles and Palaces of Italy. Illustrated with colour and half-tone plates. 15s. net.
HYNE, C. J. CUTCLIFFE.—The Escape Agents. 6s.
RICHARDSON, MRS. AUBREY.—The Mystic Bride: A Study of the Life of Catherine of Siena. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Elkin Mathews.

CECIL, K. H. D.—Coronation Poem and Love Songs. (Vigo Cabinet Series.) 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.
HARE, KENNETH.—The Green Fields: Poems. (Vigo Cabinet Series.) 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.
POUND, EZRA.—Canzoni of Ezra Pound. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Methuen & Co.

ASMAN, H. N., M.A., B.D.—English Literature Selections, Vol. II. 2s.
CALMAN, W. T., D.Sc.—The Life of Crustacea. With many Illustrations. 6s.
CHAMBERLAIN, ARTHUR B.—A Romney Folio. With an Essay and Notes and 68 Plates in Photogravure. An edition limited to 100 copies. 15 guineas net.
HARPER, CHARLES G.—The *Autocar* Road-Book. Vol. II.—North and South Wales and West Midlands. With Maps. 7s. 6d. net.
JERROLD, WALTER.—The Danube. 12 Illustrations in Colour and 8 in Monotone. 10s. 6d. net.
LORIMER, G. H.—The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son. 1s.
McDOUGALL, WILLIAM, M.B.—Body and Mind: A History and Defence of Animism. With 13 Diagrams. 7s. 6d. net.
PARTINGTON, J. R., B.Sc. (Hons.)—Higher Mathematics for Chemical Students. 3s. 6d.
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SURTEES, R. S.—Facey Romford's Hounds. With the original Illustrations in colour by J. Leech and others. 3s. 6d. net.
VERDON, M.—A First Year Intuitive French. 4s.
WESTELL, W. PERCIVAL, F.L.S., M.B.O.U.—The Young Ornithologist: A Guide to the Haunts, Homes and Habits of British Birds. With one Plate in colour and 40 from Photographs. 5s.
WILLIAMSON, C. N. and A.M.—Lady Betty across the Water. 1s.
The Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited and annotated by C. D. Locock. With an Introduction by A. Clutton-Brock. 2 Vols. 21s. net.
Venus and Adonis, etc. Edited by C. Knox Pooler. 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Mills & Boon.

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THE READER.

D. G. R.

By Ford Madox Hueffer.

THE trouble about forming an estimate as to the literary or æsthetic value of Rossetti the painter-poet was just Rossetti himself. There are, of course, many writers whose personalities have very much affected or very much obscured the merits or the defects of their work. Yesterday, as it were, we had Henley, the day before yesterday, FitzGerald, a hundred years ago or so, Dr. Johnson. (As I have been very much hauled over the coals lately for using dates figuratively, I should like to add that these dates are also used figuratively. I am, for instance, aware that Henley has been dead more than twenty-four hours, and FitzGerald more than forty-eight.) But Rossetti's personality did not swamp his work, as did those of Johnson or the other two. Nobody really knew—in spite of the ham and egg story—whether he ate his meals with his waistcoat buttoned or unbuttoned. No one really had as clear an idea of him as they had even of Thackeray or of Dickens. (In the interests of strict accuracy I should like to add that when I say "no one had an idea of his personality" I am speaking only figuratively. I do not mean to say that Miss Sidall, the servant at Red Lion Square, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. Watts-Dunton, or Mr. Hall Caine, who served the poet-painter so faithfully—I do not mean to say that none of these gentlemen or ladies had a personal acquaintance with Rossetti.) But what I mean is that, during Rossetti's life, the large body of his readers, the large body of those who never read him, the personages who formed public opinion, and the more numerous persons who tried to form public opinion—none of these persons had anything but the very haziest idea of what Rossetti the man really was. There was really an extraordinary buzz about his personality during the 'seventies and 'eighties—a romantic clamour. But since no one knew anything at all about the figure itself, the buzz and the clamour were extraordinarily vague. It was as if all these people were talking romantically about the equator. The imaginary line was certainly there, and there, romantically, Rossetti undoubtedly was, cloistered with Mr. Watts-Dunton, or with Mr. Hall Caine, as the case might be. But, in the popular estimation—in everybody's estimation—Rossetti was just a solar myth, a golden vision, a sort of Holy Grail that the young poets of the 'seventies pursued, but seldom saw. And I think this romantic vacuum was extraordinarily good for the 'seventies. It meant that they had the feeling—that everybody had the feeling—that somewhere in the world there was a glorious, a romantic figure, cloistered up and praying for the poetry, the romance, and the finer things of this world. I think it was a good thing for the 'seventies, just as I think it is a good thing for me every now and then to remember that in the cloisters of Catholic Christianity there are, even to-day, a great many religious spending all their hours in just praying for the poor souls of all of us. (In the interest of accuracy I should like to add when I here write "all of us," I am stating an exact and not a figurative fact.)

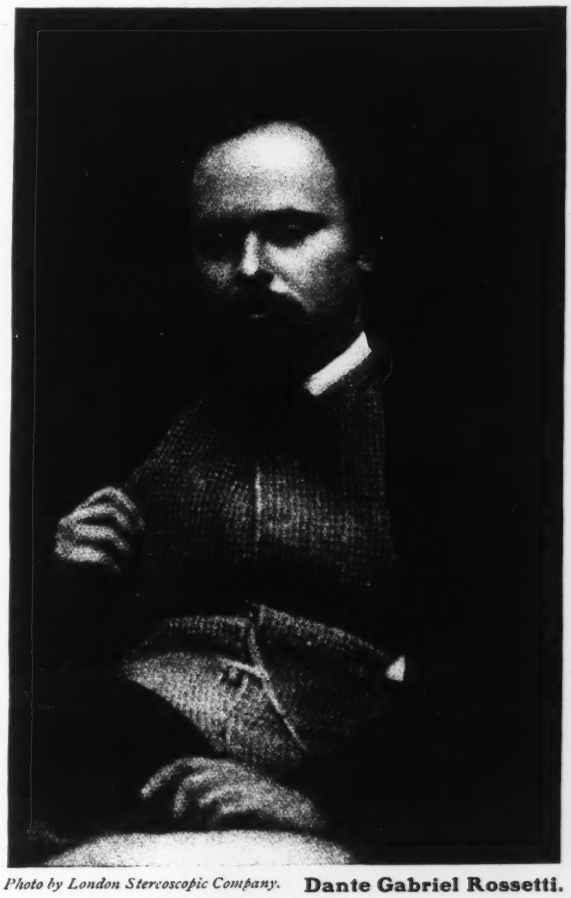


Photo by London Stereoscopic Company. **Dante Gabriel Rossetti.**
(Lent by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, who is now the owner of the copyright.)

The edifying log-rolling by which in the 'seventies Rossetti's poems were, very properly, forced into the hands of the public—the organised and efficient log-rolling was again worked with extreme decency. Rossetti's poems were boomed—just as my works have been boomed, and just as the works of every writer of any position or merit must be boomed if he is to continue to live by his pen. But Rossetti's poems were forced upon the public without his publishers, his friendly critics, or his uncritical friends calling in the aid of personalities. They decently let Rossetti alone. They did not ask anybody to buy the volume which contained "Jenny" or the volume which contained "The White Ship" because Rossetti wore eccentric trousers, collected postage stamps, or disliked caviare.

At that date he was hardly even celebrated in public places or weekly periodicals because, very sensibly, he desired to spread the fame of his beloved wife and so he took the manuscript of his poems out of her coffin, where in his first grief at her loss he had placed them. No, none of the energetic gentlemen who boomed this poet-artist tried to do it by means of sarcophagic details. They did their work decently, talking only of the glorious sonority of the polysyllabic lines, of the romance, of the tenderness, of the splendour, of the morbidness, of the high moral purpose, of the mystic inner meaning that were contained in "The Stream's Secret," in "Sister Helen," in "The King's Tragedy," or in all those glamorous poems with the golden haze around them.

And so for every one the personality of Rossetti became the personality that is expressed in his poems,

Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co. **Mrs. Rossetti, the mother of the Rossettis.**

From a drawing by D. G. Rossetti.

and in the very few pictures of his that had really been seen. According to what was our idea of the personally poetic (again in the interests of accuracy I should like to add that here I am employing a purely figurative modesty when I write "our," for of course I knew what Rossetti was like)—according to what was our ideal of a poetic personality, so we vaguely imagined Rossetti in the 'seventies—all we young writers, young painters, middle-aged merchants, royal princesses, peers, and bankers, all we unimportant persons who so enthusiastically blazed abroad the Rossetti legend. We imagined him as well-fleshed, bearded, or with ascetically scraped lean features; we imagined him hollow-eyed, or with the perpetual tolerant smile of Shakespeare. But we had not the least idea of what he

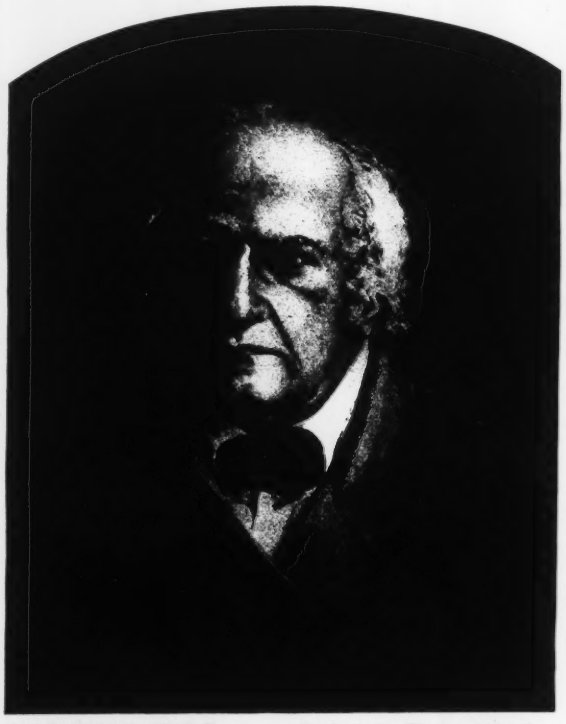


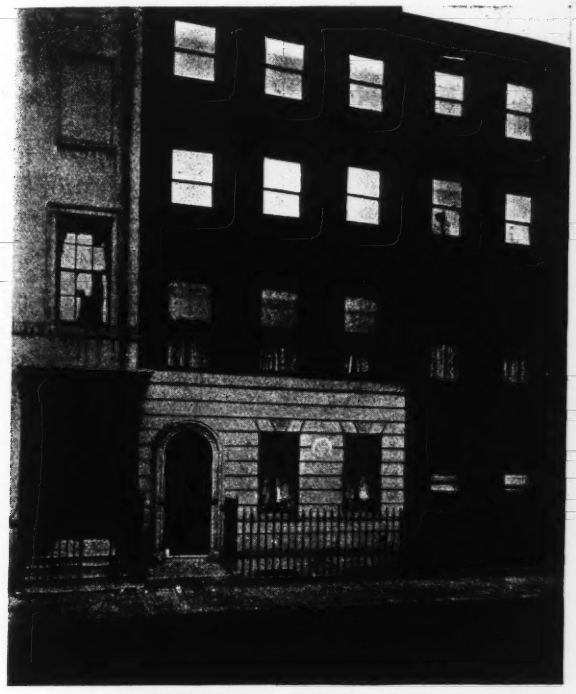
Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co. **Gabriele Rossetti, the father of the Rossettis.**

From an oil painting by D. G. Rossetti.

looked like. (Again in the interests of accuracy I should like to add that this does not represent my state of mind during the 'seventies, and that during that period I was not either a peer of a royal princess, either a merchant prince or a banker. I was not even a young writer. No, at the end of the 'seventies I was a child of seven. But I have been trying to identify myself with the spirit of that age.) Of course there was the reverse of the medal. The other day I was travelling from Nauheim to Frankfort. There got into my carriage an elderly pepper-and-salt bearded, well-brushed gentleman with a strong North-country burr. He revealed himself in conversation as a survival of the merchant princes of the 'seventies. He had kept himself alive by taking the waters of Nauheim yearly, and by constantly consulting a Frankfort physician about his gout. In short, he was a keen, sensible Lancashire man. He began to talk about George Rae, the Leatharts, the Grahams, the Leylands, about many picture buyers and about many picture bargains. He related how, cheque-book in hand, he had gone into the studios of Royal Acade-

D. G. Rossetti at the age of six.

From the miniature by Filippo Pistrucci. Engraved by C. Carter.



110, Hallam Street, Portland Place.
Formerly 38, Charlotte Street, the birthplace of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (May 12, 1828) and of Christina Rossetti. Here the family resided until 1836, when they removed to 50, Charlotte Street.

micians and had bought off their easels unfinished pictures which he had afterwards sold at greatly advanced prices. He was a keen business man, and talking to him was delightful to me. I seemed to hear in his voice the accents of all those dead and gone merchant princes and picture buyers. Yes, it was a voice from the past. And suddenly he said: "Now there was Rossetti! What a warm man Rossetti might have been if he had not wasted his talents in those extravagant dissipations!"

And this again was the dear old voice of the 'seventies. My North-country friend was uttering the pleasing remarks that he had heard in the studios of Academicians when he went to buy pictures. And he spoke of Rossetti with a sort of sincere regret exactly as he would have done of a friend of his who had not made all that he might have done out of an iron foundry with excellent prospects inherited from his father. He gave me other horrid details of Rossetti's career and habits (they were all of them quite untrue, and most of them quite impossible). Yet this gentleman had never seen Rossetti, had never read a word of his writings. He had never so much as read one of the innumerable biographies—not even Mr. Hall Caine's. No, he was just echoing the whispers of academic studios of the 'seventies.

D. G. Rossetti at the age of twenty-five.
From an etching by William Bell Scott.

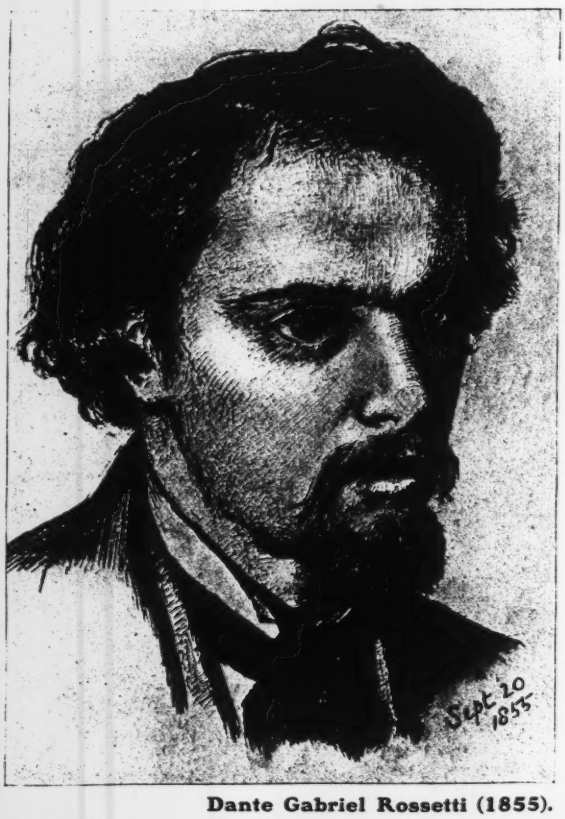
National Portrait Gallery. **John Sell Cotman (Rossetti's Art Master).**
From the painting by Horace Beaver Love.

And after Rossetti's death the biographies began. They poured forth, official and unofficial, sending out smuts or deluges of whitewash. Frenchmen wrote them, Germans wrote them, Japanese wrote them; I wrote them, Mr. Hall Caine wrote them, Mr. Watts-Dunton did not write them, Mr. William Rossetti did. For thirty years or so they poured from the press, nearly all of them exceedingly dull, nearly all of them misleadingly accurate in things that did not matter. For thirty years or so Rossetti's figure was perpetually before the public, getting more and more pompous, more and more priestly, more and more like a German professor of the beautiful, growing duller and duller and duller, and at last he was dead. Last year he was as dead as a doornail. And that was a thousand pities,

a triumph of obscuring pompousness over a man who was very great, and a poet who was very rare.

To get at the value of Rossetti the poet, as to get at the value of any original spirit, there is only one test. You have to ask yourself what you would be, what your mental development would have been, how your intimate self would have grown, if that man had never existed. And think of what we should all have been if Rossetti had never existed!

For, putting ethics and the technical criticism of art and letters for the moment aside, we have to consider that the real value of the work of Rossetti and his school was the preaching that the Arts are joyful and comfortable things—are things as joyful, as comfortable, and as natural as is the light of the sun. They are indeed the sunshine of the soul.



Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1855).
Drawn by himself.

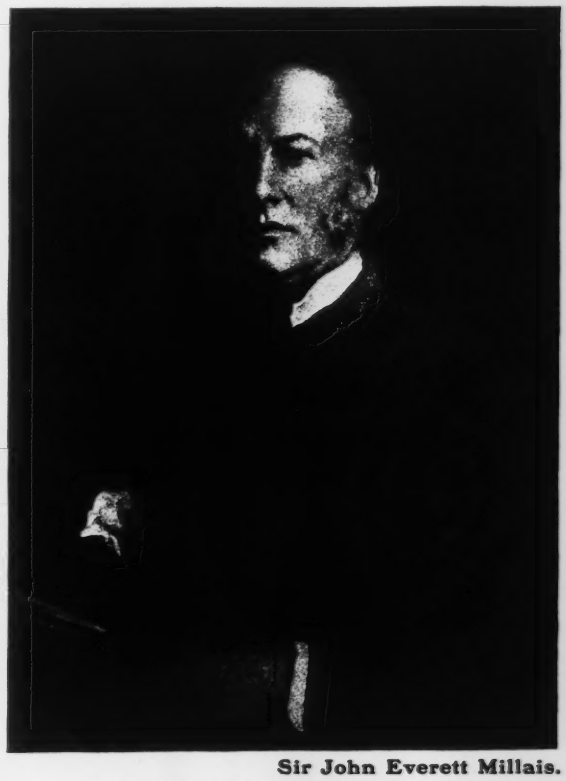
Think then, again, of what England would have been without the influence of Rossetti during these last thirty years. We should have been Prussianised, we should have been Americanised. No doubt it would have been a good thing had we paid more attention to the evolution of a cast-iron military class as they have done in Prussia, which began to grow so mighty about the time when Rossetti published his first volume of poems. No doubt we should have had a few still more and still richer men had we developed enormous industrial systems like that of the Standard Oil Company,

Christina, Maria, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and their Mother in the garden of Rossetti's house in Cheyne Walk.
From a photograph taken by "Lewis Carroll" (Rev. C. L. Dodgson) in 1863. (Lent by Mr. William Michael Rossetti.)

Ionides Collection, South Kensington Museum.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

From a water-colour by A. Legros.



Sir John Everett Millais.

From the portrait by himself in the Uffizi Gallery.

National Portrait Gallery.

Ford Madox Brown.

Drawn by Rossetti in 1852.

Holman Hunt.

From a drawing by Rossetti.

FOUR OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD.

which began its depredatory career about the time when Rossetti published his second volume of poems. But I do not know that we should have had a better England or a happier.

I do not mean, of course, to say that Rossetti, alone and unaided, repelled armed invasions from the Mark of Brandenburgh, or that he said to Mr. Rockefeller "thus far and no farther." But Rossetti was a great man. He was great in the exact sense of the word—for greatness in a writer, as in a statesman, as in a world conqueror, implies the power to voice great multitudes. A technically perfect artist may create characters that will live for ever and yet he may not be a great man. For a great man does not merely win battles or create characters — no, he creates frames of minds, he creates enthusiasms in great bodies of people. "Create" is perhaps not exactly the just word. What he does, rather, is to prove to large bodies of people that they have enthusiasms slumbering within them. He strikes within us little silver bells, or the great chords of large war harps. And the measure of his greatness lies in the wideness of his appeal. So that my own private image of Rossetti the writer and the painter is of something a little vague, very romantic and exceedingly great. He seems to sweep his fingers over the harp-strings of innumerable hearts, calling out the music that is in them.

Tate Gallery. Painted by Rossetti in 1863. **Beata Beatrix.**

Nowadays, Rossetti is generally called the poet of the young. And this is a curious fact, creditable enough to Rossetti, but not very creditable to us who are no longer young. And it contributes still more to the general glamour of vagueness that surrounds his personality and his greatness as a painter and as a poet. We cannot say how wide his appeal is because his appeal is to the young, and the young have little opportunity of voicing themselves. They don't get into the papers, we don't listen to them at our clubs; they are generally packed away in their universities, and when they are at home we manage to shut them up over the dinner-table. So in those mysterious young hearts things are going on, and it is certain that Rossetti holds a large share of their enthusiasms. It is certain, because we can divine it from our own hearts where "Rossetti"—the mere sound of the name "Rossetti"—causes to arise a whole strain of vague and yet regretted emotions. It suggests something fine, generous. It suggests that part of our youth which, although we have outgrown it, we regret. There are the many follies of our youth which were not fine and which, we thank God, we are permitted to forget. But if we no longer think very often of Rossetti, it is just because we no longer read poetry. We have outgrown that and we are not really glad of it, for it was one of the finenesses of our youths.

And of course in a sense it is the biographers who have killed Rossetti for grown men and women, just as chatter about Harriet, atheism, and advanced opinions killed Shelley as a poet. For you cannot read the "Ode to the West Wind" without having it at the back of your mind that Shelley and his mistress rode about Italy on a donkey, and that many excellent people have used this fact in order to prove that marriage as an institution ought to be abolished. And in that way your enjoyment of the "Ode to the West Wind" has been spoiled. Yet the "Ode to the West Wind" is a noble poem and has nothing to do with Italy, donkeys, or the fact that Shelley found his first wife to be an imbecile schoolgirl. No doubt he found his second wife trying enough, but the whitewashers have washed that out, so Mary Shelley for many excellent people remains an arid argument for free love.

Much the same thing has happened to Rossetti. For

most of us he is the gentleman who dug his poems out of his wife's coffin, a solitary fact which does not, if a respectable paper will allow me the expression, matter a damn. Nothing that Rossetti did matters a damn. He was a great poet of not flawless technical gifts. He was a great literary painter, with a defective technical education, but with a great skill in shirking difficulties. And he was a great man. To attempt to whitewash the private character of Rossetti, Shelley, Lord Nelson of the Nile, Goethe, or the Emperor Tiberius is profitless folly. You can say that you believe that they had the highest moral purposes, but some other man will always come along and prove in black and white that each of them ran away from his own wife, or with some one else's. The fact is that it is utterly unprofitable to expect to find greatness and a personal high moral purpose in the same body. It cannot be done. There is not room for them, alas! I used to know a great writer who always lost his ticket when he travelled. Always! I had many hundred hours of pleasure in reading the works of this writer. But I never could understand how he could be such a fool as to lose his railway tickets. It seemed a silly sort of a habit to me, and it upset him very much. I went on reading his books and getting the utmost pleasure from them, and then, one day, the answer to this riddle came to me. The great writer in losing his railway tickets was paying for my pleasure. He lost them because his mind was taken up by his work.

Tate Gallery.

Ecce ancilla domini.

From the painting by Rossetti.

The head of the Virgin was painted from that of Christina Rossetti, and Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, sat for the head of the Archangel.

In his life Rossetti lost quite a number of railway tickets of one kind and another—perhaps, if Providence is not more just than are we in our anecdotal blindness, than we with all the whitewash in our eyes—perhaps he even lost his ticket to Heaven. But it was because he was thinking of other things—of the things that have given us pleasure, that have saved us from Prussianisation and the adoption of American methods. In a sense he is our scapegoat—the scapegoat of you and me, who in our intellectual vacuities have time and the duty to attend to all the tickets and all the labels of the world. In one of my several dull biographies of this painter-poet I have said that he had the private tastes of a pork butcher. This was true. Whistler on his death-bed said: "You mustn't say anything against Rossetti, Rossetti was a king," and this also was true, and any proper man will understand how these two irreconcileable truths came to reside in the same body. But the fact is there are millions and millions of pork butchers. We are all pork butchers,[1] if we are not all socialists. But every now and then one of us, forgetting that the sole end and aim of humanity is not to be found out and so to die churchwarden or, at least, sidesman of our church or chapel—every now and then one of us keeps his eyes on the pale light of the stars, the golden light of the grail or of romance, or the blood-red light that hangs over battlefields.

Then he walks on with his eyes upon those lights of the horizons. His feet will not avoid any puddles if they are in the way. But we, the whitewashers and the gentlemen of the other persuasion, shall observe only the feet and the puddles. That is because that is our nature. But the exceptional pork butcher[1] will walk on and will become such a saint as was Augustine; such a saviour of his country as was Nelson, or such a poet as was Shakespeare—being one or two in a million million, in an infinite multitude of pork butchers.[1]

[1] This will not bear statistical examination. I mean *hommes moyen sensuels.*

But saint, or saviour of his country, or poet, this pork butcher was a king, and you must not say anything against him or you will be a dirty, ungrateful little pork butcher.[1] That is the penalty that you will pay, not the king. Such a great, easy, fine king was, to the measure of his lights, Rossetti. It is well to get it said and to leave it at that. He once gave a sovereign to a beggar, he once borrowed some books and did not return them. We cannot afford to do either of these things, because with us they matter. They are—such things—our achievement. But then Rossetti wrote "Jenny" and painted "The Annunciation"——

(In the interests of accuracy I should like to add that I do not *know* that Rossetti ever gave a sovereign to a beggar. What I mean is, that it is the sort of thing that he would have done. I should like also to add that in the later years of his life—1869 to 1882—Rossetti did not lose, or, at any rate, it is unlikely that he lost, his railway tickets. They were probably taken for him and carefully guarded during the journey by Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. Hake, or Mr. Hall Caine. But what I meant is, that if he had travelled alone he probably would have lost his railway tickets. Besides, in this context I am using the words "railway tickets" as a figure of speech meaning one or other of the Commandments.)

THE POETRY OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

BY PROF. SAINTSBURY.

"JOHN DRYDEN enemies had three," runs a good old epigram, and it proceeds to state that though he got rid of one the other two rather stuck to him. I should say that the reputation of Rossetti had three enemies likewise—Belatedness, Detraction, and a Legend. The second he did to some extent get rid of, though the Blatant Beast is hard to choke off entirely, and I have heard echoes of the "Fleshly School" calumnies and stupidities, from persons who were neither exactly fogies nor exactly Philistines, within, I think, the twentieth century. Still, on the whole the dull Ishmaelitism of the famous pseudonym—rather appropriately assumed in its way, for it was Ishmael masquerading as Philistia—probably does not influence many readers now. But the other two, even thirty years after the poet's death, still do some harm to him. Quite recently Mr. W. M. Rossetti has had to arise once more and spread the fraternal shield (long may he be preserved to repeat the pious office!) over his dead brother. Indeed, when a man has the singular ill fortune to attract industrious parasites of the *gendelettre* kind early, his Legend is never destroyed. It can always be neglected by the wise, but the wise are not generally in the majority. Of these things no more; but I ought, no doubt, to explain what I mean by "Belatedness."

Photo by W. & D. Downey. **D. G. Rossetti in 1862.**
(Lent by Mr. William Michael Rossetti.)

Very seldom has an artist, either in line and colour or in words, come so tardily before anything that can be called the world as Rossetti. He was, in reality, extremely and wonderfully precocious, both as poet and as painter; a man who can write "The Blessed Damozel" at nineteen in the year 1849, and paint "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin" at twenty-one, in 1851, might almost frighten any one who knows what usually comes of and to youthful prodigies. But Fortune, to use the words of the curiously different poet whose name opened this paper,

> "took care to lay him softly by,
> And kept his fate among her precious things"—

a seclusion to which, it is only fair to say, his own idiosyncrasies vigorously contributed. It is curious to remember how difficult it was for anybody not in his circle, not assisted by chance, and not gifted with that instinct of "pushing" which has been referred to, to obtain any fair notion of Rossetti's powers for the twenty years between 1850 and 1870. His poems were unpublished, or as bad as unpublished; his pictures mere mostly unexhibited, and lurked in private galleries. I give my own experience, not because it is mine, but because I think it fairly typical. It never happened to me as a boy to come across the *Germ*, and though I had

the good fortune to discover the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, it was not a complete copy, and neither "The Blessed Damozel" nor either of her companions in that "gazophile" met my eyes. I think the first thing I ever saw about Rossetti was George Alfred Lawrence's reference, in the latest 'fifties, to "the sad Guinevere" who was already peeling herself off the walls of the Union at Oxford—though whether this came to me before or after the dedication of "The Defence of Guinevere" herself I do not know. Then one began to hear more and more about him; but anything save hearsay was unattainable—at least unattained. While Morris himself, and Mr. Swinburne, were taking us youth by storm in print, and when one could go up from Oxford and find Burne-Joneses on the walls of the "Old Society," and perorate about them with stealthy dons giggling behind, Rossetti was still a Great Unknown, except (as far as drawing went) by the Tennyson illustrations and (as far as verse went) by somebody or other's MS. copies of "The Blessed Damozel." The first time, I think, that I saw anything from his own hand was in the early spring of 1868, when I went from Oxford to take a mastership at the Manchester Grammar School. Manchester is nothing if not hospitable, and before long I found myself at a homely two o'clock Sunday dinner, in a very beautifully equipped house. As I was going to my seat, I saw a picture on the wall, and said to my host, "I beg your pardon, but don't I know that?" So he said, "Well, if you go to picture-exhibitions or care for engravings, you probably do," and I found that the dining-room was panelled with Turners and Coxes, and the like. When the meal was finished, my host said, "If you like pictures, perhaps I can show you something that you *haven't* seen," and taking me into another room, he showed me, among others, Rossetti's "Hesterna Rosa"—the water-colour, not the earlier pen-and-ink sketch. The picture is small and it has not the splendour of the later Rossettian colour. But it took me off my legs at once; and when, many years afterwards—after its author's death and after that of its owner—I saw it in the fascinating but rather ghastly "intermediate state" of Christie's Museum of Proserpine—I found that it had not lost its power. And I never lost a chance afterwards of repeating the enchantment.

Sancta Lilias.

Head from "The Blessed Damozel," presented by the artist in 1874 to Lord Mount Temple, and just added to the National Gallery of British Art, the gift of Madame Deschamps.

For the poetry, however, one had still to wait, how and why everybody knows, and it was two years more before the expected and long-ordered volume of 1870 came to me in the Channel Islands, where I was then living. It was curious to think that one was already familiar with Swinburne and Morris and Rossetti's own sister—that an actual school was coming up round them, for O'Shaughnessy made his appearance this very same year—and that he, the master and prior of them all, he who "fished the murex up," was still unknown except in a few live magazine specimens (the *Fortnightly* had given a foretaste of sixteen sonnets the year before) or in the inaccessible depths of dead ones.

When the book actually came there could hardly be much mistake about it, except in the case of persons congenitally incapacitated for appreciation of poetry as such, or of those who were prejudiced by arbitrary and limited conceptions of what poetry ought to be. It is true that, except as regarded Blake and the almost unknown Flatman (who was not such a bad poet after all), there had never been a case, in English, of a person uniting, by temperament, gift, and profession, *pictura* with *poesis*. But this union happened now to coincide

with a general drift of poetic spirit and form which rendered the mixture especially valuable. The enormous increase in visual appeal which dated from Coleridge and Scott has perhaps, by strenuous effort, been at last made something like an established dogma in books, but it may be questioned whether it is even yet thoroughly understood. And besides standing in this general relation to the group from Coleridge to Keats, Rossetti stood in a more special one to their great *diadochi*—Tennyson and Browning. It was not merely accident or commission, it was Fate and metaphysical aid that made Rossetti illustrate "The Lady of Shalott," and "Mariana in the South," and "Sir Galahad," and that marvellous series of "Stanzas for Pictures," as he might himself have termed them, which forms the central appeal of "The Palace of Art."

Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.

Design for Title-page of D. G. Rossetti's first published book, "The Early Italian Poets" (1861).

But Rossetti had carried the marriage of the two arts, and the concurrent deepening and varying of the appeal to word-music, further still. If the volume of 1870 was to a slight extent—through that belatedness which has been noted—robbed of its due freshness of attack by things like Morris's "Golden Wings" and "Praise of My Lady," like Swinburne's "Ballads of Life and Death" and "Madonna Mia," there was no possibility of mistaking the independence and originality of the general tone. This was partly given, beyond doubt, by the poet's practice in translation from the early poets of his ancestral country. But Rossetti, though only an Englishman of the quarter blood, was extremely English by acquired *ethos*, and if he had imitated one of his uncles (who changed "Polidori" to "Polydore") and had called himself "Rossiter" there would have been good warrant for it. There is nothing in the least exotic or affected about

Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.

Head of Dante.

A study in crayon for the figure in "Dante's Dream."

Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.

The Salutation of Beatrice.

This head was used for the last oil painting ("Vita Nuova") which Rossetti undertook. It was left unfinished.

Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co. **Proserpine.**

From the painting by Rossetti.

"Afar the flowers of Enna from this drear
Dire fruit which, tasted once, must thrall me here."

"Jenny" or (to any one at all lettered) in "The Burden of Nineveh," while what may seem to half-read critics the most extravagant preciousnesses can be more than paralleled from Shakespeare.

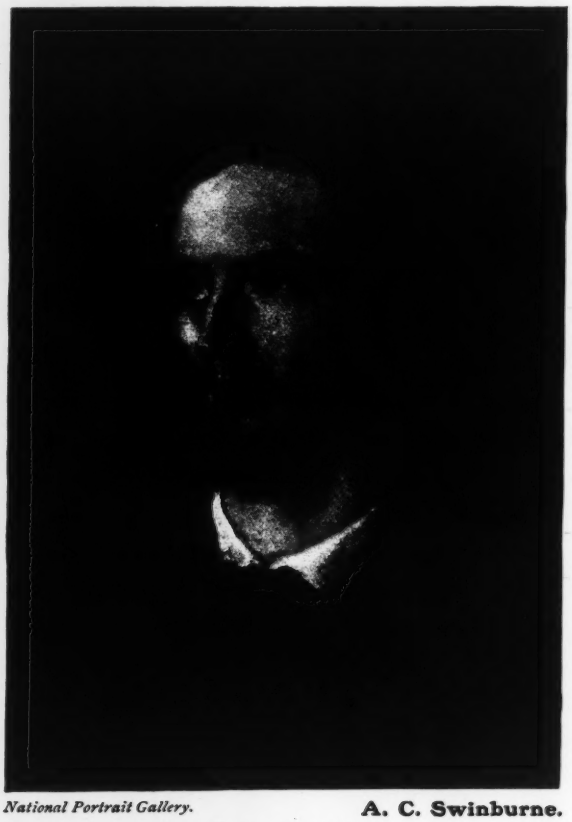
Indeed, as for the hundredth, or in the Latin sense "*six*-hundredth," time I turn over the volume (on the dainty end-papers of which the Guernsey bookseller was kind enough to impress his respectable name and place of business) I feel once more, as I have often felt, its remarkable freshness and variety. People used to be, and to some extent still are, fond of speaking of Rossetti as if his atmosphere were like that depicted in the one healthy and amusing novel that Ernest Feydeau by some miracle succeeded in writing—that of a heavy-curtained studio full of bric-à-brac and perfumed with incense, where you were expected to smoke nothing but haschisch and eat nothing but preserved ginger. "Lord, what fools *such* mortals be!" Of course it was trying the average reader high to begin with "The Blessed Damozel"—one of the sublimest things in poetry; but what reader, unless he was "only an excellent person" or only a Philistine dunce, could miss something of its sublimity, its passion, its music, and that sense of vastness which many poets have tried to give but which hardly anybody but Milton and Dante (for even Hugo is more terrestrial and oceanic, less of the universal) has achieved? And then came the contrast of "Love's Nocturn" with Time and Space exchanged for its own "murmuring courts" of dream, and its first example of the complicated but never-entangled metres (the "Damozel" at least *looks* simple) in which the poet was to be almost supreme. "Troy Town," "Eden Bower" and others might be more questionable—not that they are not beautiful in themselves, but that this refrain-ballad trick, unless most carefully managed, is apt to irritate some even of the very elect. But "The Burden of Nineveh" comes to console these very persons. At first the poem was per-

Ionides Collection, South Kensington. **Day Dreams.**

From the painting by Rossetti.

"Lo! tow'rd deep skies, not deeper than her look,
She dreams: till now on her forgotten book
Drops the forgotten blossom from her hand."

Photo by Poole, Putney. **Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.**
From a painting by Miss Norris.



National Portrait Gallery. **A. C. Swinburne.**
By Watts. Painted in 1865.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. William Michael Rossetti.**

William Morris in 1870.
From "The Collected Works of William Morris." (Longmans.)

FOUR OF ROSSETTI'S CIRCLE.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

William Bell Scott. **Ruskin.** **D. G. Rossetti.**

(Lent by Mr. William Michael Rossetti.)

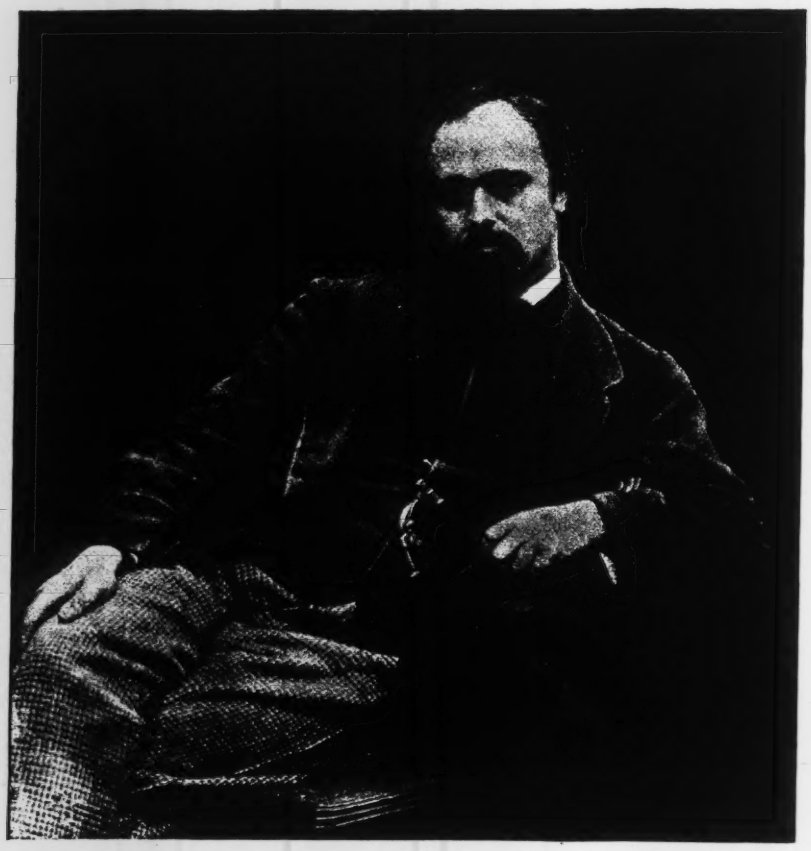
haps, if anything, over-praised; it has since, I believe, been a mark of one kind of superiority to dismiss it as slightly "Victorian"—word of as fatal effect as "Potztausend!" in "Up the Rhine." It is certainly a very great thing. "The Staff and Scrip" and "A Last Confession" (clearly Browningesque) and "Dante at Verona" may be passed by—with no disrespect—to come once more to "Jenny." I do not think that I quite did this justice when it first appeared; after forty more years' reading of poetry I think of it very highly indeed. It is practically unique, though it makes a good pendant to the "Burden"; I do not know how anything like it could be produced except by taking Musset at his very best in two different moods, beating up with a little good Baudelaire, and straining repeatedly through an English sieve of our finest texture in *genre* poetry. But, alas! this detailed comment takes too much room. How the peculiar Rossettian conception of the Ballad triumphs to the utmost of its actual form in "Sister Helen" (to be afterwards purged of all apparent trick and perfected miraculously in "Rose Mary"); and the sleepy exquisiteness of "The Stream's Secret"; the anticipation of the "In Memoriam" revival in "My Sister's Sleep," and the great Emblem-poem of "The Card-Dealer," and the translations—all must go. But the sonnets of the "House of Life," of the "Pictures" series, and the others cannot be passed so lightly.

It shocks some good folk very much if you call Dante and Christina Rossetti the greatest sonnet writers in English next to Shakespeare. Indeed the tongue that so speaks is apt to invite the incidence, upon the skull that covers its audacities, of shillelaghs many and violent from quite different quarters. Without any cudgel-play let it be said that the preference is based on a sense that form and matter are better married in Shakespeare and in the brother and sister (different as their form itself is) than in any others. This opinion extends hardly less to the "Songs." In these latter especially—for the sonnet insists on more uniformity of atmosphere, though the objects presented may be different—that variety which has been asserted above for Rossetti, and which has been so seldom granted him, appears. "Love-Lily," that marvellous thing "The Wood-spurge," and "The Sea's Limits" are all perfect, but they might almost have been written by three different poets; and "The Sea's Limits" at least is worthy of any poet than any language can show.

I once knew a most reprehensible taker of licences with the English language who used to talk of the "Paradisaical scrunch" of the Poetic Moment. He had probably been reading Whitman. But I know what he meant; and I am happy to say that I have felt it thousands of times and hope to feel it hundreds more. Considering the small bulk of the work, even with translations and the gleaned odds and ends that have been added to the two original volumes (the second of which largely repeated the first) there are very few poets indeed who are so liberal of these delectable pangs as Rossetti. In "Sibylla Palmifera," for instance, there is one in almost every line. You may—to use its own

The Bungalow at Birchington-on-Sea in which Rossetti died.

The drawing-room recess was used by him as a studio.
(From a photo lent by Mr. William Michael Rossetti.)



D. G. Rossetti.

From a photograph taken by "Lewis Carroll."

phrase—"draw in as simply as your breath" the majestic picture that is constructed for you—or rather that rises like an emanation—as the verses accrue; you may hear, soothingly enough, the music of the rhythm and word-sound; you may understand without effort or difficulty the atmosphere of attraction which is added. But all the while, and in addition likewise, the bright and poignant shafts of phrase pierce to the joints and marrow of the soul, healing and charming as they pierce, but piercing all the same.

> "Under the arch of Life, where Love and Death,
> Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
> Beauty enthroned."

In old time persons—probably not nearly such fools as many of us to-day—used to write, or at least were accused of writing, folios on a single text. I think one might write at least a considerable quarto on this one sonnet—even on this opening clause. And even then it would be impossible to expound the "passionate and irretrievable" beauty of it—to use its own characteristic words. Irretrievable, but not irrenewable: for if all passion, as Bossuet says, has *quelque chose d'infini* in it, the infinite may defy exact recovery of moments but is at any rate incapable of exhaustion.

Poetry of this kind is as various as its subjects and practically itself defies—as poetry always should—too general analysis. It can make whatever it touches poetry; and that is the test. But it may be once more permitted to point out how completely erroneous is the notion that Rossetti's only singing garments are copes of stiff brocade and mitres of mystical design.

> "You know not what a book you seem,
> Half-read by lightning in a dream,"

if it has the imagination of Coleridge in the thought, has the directness of Dryden in the expression. In all the myriad attempts at word-description of physical beauty, where will you find a simpler phrasing of combined technical knowledge and sensuous appreciation than

> "The shadows where the cheeks are thin,
> And pure wide curve from cheek to chin"?

And these things are not in the least inconsistent with the Donne-like "metaphysicality" of some of the sonnets and the Keatsian iridescence of others. Nay, the *other* profession—the pure painting—never interferes with this poetry. It is Ancilla Domini, not a meddlesome mistress nor a termagant wife.

Rossetti's Grave in the Churchyard at Birchington.

King David knew something about poetry, and though when he spoke to Ahimelech he was not thinking of it, the words of his speech suit the poetry of all the greater poets as few others do: "There is none like that: Give it me." Every wise lover of poetry may apply them to Rossetti. And if the neophyte wants guidance to a single poem combining a certain bulk with poignancy of interest, splendour of colour, power and variety of metre, passion, pathos, intoxicating quality, grip of individual phrase—if he wants something as unique as "The Ancient Mariner" itself, let him say, "Give me 'Rose Mary.'"

DAVID HUME: 1711—1776.

By Ralph Straus.

IN 1703 John Locke, writing to Anthony Collins, soon to become known as the author of a "Discourse upon Freethinking," pays him a compliment which, had he lived for another two generations, he would have desired, one imagines, to pay to David Hume. "Believe it, my good friend," he says, "to love truth for truth's sake is the principle part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues; and if I mistake not, you have as much of it as I ever met with in anybody." It would be difficult, indeed, to find a pleasanter example of the happy and successful man of letters than Hume, who, having once chosen his path, followed it without fear or hesitation, and died, almost at the zenith of his fame, in the serenest contentment. "Upon the whole," wrote his friend Adam Smith, at the conclusion of a passage which must rank high amongst panegyrics, "I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit." It is possible that Hume had just those faults which are especially noticeable in a man of immense intellectual vigour. He may have been too eager for public recognition of his work. Huxley taxes him with "no small share of the craving after mere notoriety and vulgar success," and suggests that the reason for his turning from his earlier essays in philosophy to the more popular historical and political studies followed on such a desire. Hume himself admits that his love of literary fame was a ruling passion, which, however, in spite of frequent disappointments, did not sour his temper. And if at times he exhibited in his writings odd turns of bitterness, it is to be remembered that he wrote at a period when Scotsmen were unpopular in England, and when religious controversy was carried on, particularly by Warburton and his satellites, in a manner which appears almost grotesque to-day. His letters show him to have been truly amiable—a quietly humorous man, pleased, though not unduly so, at his own successes, dogged only in giving out his message. That it was well worth the giving time has shown.

His "Political Discourses," which alone of all his works enjoyed success from the day of their publication, still remain "the cradle of political economy." Mr. J. M. Robertson draws a parallel between him and Descartes, both of whom, he says, "lacked the heroic fibre," but nevertheless "recast philosophy for modern Europe." And for a man so much in advance of his age, he made singularly few enemies. It is rarely that he is ironical at a rival's expense. His election to a chair at Edinburgh was opposed on account of his writings, his political bias retarded the success of his "History of England," but personally he suffered little or nothing. "Though most men," he tells us in an autobiographical fragment, written shortly before his death, "anywise eminent have found reason to complain of calumny, I never was touched, or even attacked by her baneful tooth: and though I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seemed to be disarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury." His private life, indeed, shows no blemish, and even the hysterical adulation accorded him, as it had been accorded Sterne but the year before, by the ladies of Paris had no untoward effect. Whether he was writing against the occurrence of miracles, or performing the duties of ambassadorial secretary, he seems to have

The Rossetti Window, by Shields, in the Church at Birchington.
(From a photo lent by Mr. W. M. Rossetti.)

maintained that dignified moderation which does so much to disarm ill-balanced criticism.

As a man of letters he must rank exceptionally high—his "History" in particular is a brilliant piece of literature—and the touch of cosmopolitanism in some of his writings possibly adds to their attraction. Dr. Johnson, who, not unnaturally perhaps, disliked and distrusted him, criticised his style, which, he maintained, was French and not English, and could not bring himself to believe that this infidel writer's political views were wholly sincere. "Sir," he said upon one occasion, "he was a Tory by chance." Such a statement, however, is not borne out by Hume's correspondence. In point of fact, Hume exhibited an ever-increasing fear of an all-powerful democracy, and in his later years was careful to expunge from his writings any "villainous seditious Whig strokes" which had crept into them. There was no affectation in his political views. "I know not," he wrote to his friend James Oswald of Dunnikier, after the general election of 1747, "whether I ought to congratulate you upon the Success of your Elections, where you prevail'd so unexpectedly. I think the present times are so calamitous, & our future Prospects so dismal, that it is a Misfortune to have any Concern in public Affairs, which one cannot redress & when it is difficult to arrive at a proper degree of Insensibility or Philosophy, as long as one is in the Scene. You know my Sentiments were always a little gloomy on that head; & I am sorry to observe that all Accidents (besides the natural Course of Events) turn out against us. . . . I shall not be much disappointed if this prove the last Parliament, worthy the Name, we shall ever have in Britain." The letter, written at a time of Whig successes, has an additional interest at the moment.

Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.

La Donna della Fiamma.
(Rossetti.)

Hume was born at Edinburgh on April 26, 1711 (O.S.). His father belonged to one of the old Scottish families, and possessed a small property at Ninewells in Berwickshire. Early in life Hume seems to have become convinced that he must educate himself, and accordingly gave as much time as possible to his books. A studious behaviour inclined his family to the belief —shared, be it said, by John Hill Burton, his biographer —that the law would be a suitable profession, but the "wake-minded Davie," as his mother called him, thought otherwise. Poverty, however, rendered necessary some regular occupation, and young Hume went south to Bristol, but commerce, like the law, proved irksome, and in 1736 he crossed the Channel, resolved, he says, "to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune, to maintain unimpaired my independency, and to regard every object as contemptible except the improvement of my talents in literature."

It was about this time that he wrote, but never sent, a letter to a London physician which affords some idea of his intentions. Speaking of his examination of the older philosophies, he writes: "I found a certain boldness of temper growing on me, which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium, by which truth might be established." And so, spending much of his time with a Jesuit community, delving the while into every book upon which he could lay hands, with a bare allowance to maintain himself, he started to write his first book, the "Treatise of Human Nature," "probably the most remarkable philosophical work," according to Huxley, "both intrinsically and in its effects upon the course of thought, that has ever been written." Hume was only twenty-seven at the time. His book was published at the end of 1738, and though not apparently falling "deadborn from the press," enjoyed no great success for some years. Its author returned home, and overcame his disappointment by planning further work. Money, however, was still scarce, and he was forced to become tutor to the young Marquis of Annandale—an unwelcome occupation, Alexander Carlyle tells us, to most thinking men at the time, but particularly to one of Hume's calibre. His twelve months' sojourn with this nobleman, however, seems to have brought him into contact with a number of influential people, for in 1745 he was appointed secretary to General St. Clair, and so somewhat unexpectedly came to encase his portly figure in a military uniform.

Afterwards he was engaged upon a diplomatic mission to Turin. Whilst there, he published his "Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding," which contained the arresting essay "On Miracles," but on his return to England found that his work was entirely overshadowed by Dr. Middleton's "Free Inquiry."

A quiet time followed at Ninewells, during which he prepared his "Political Discourses," and waited, not in vain, for recognition. Middleton, it would seem, was being speedily forgotten, and people were asking for the works of David Hume. "Answers by Reverends and Right Reverends," he comments, "came out two or three in a year." Millar, the bookseller, was beginning to send money to Scotland, and Hume "with £50 a year, a hundred pounds' worth of books, great store of linens and fine clothes," came to Edinburgh, and "arrived at the dignity of a householder." This was in 1752, the year which definitely marks his greatest triumph. The "Political Discourses" were published, and found instant appreciation, not only in Britain, but throughout Europe; he was chosen librarian to the Faculty of Advocates; he printed his "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals," "incomparably his best" work, according to himself; and he first tasted the comforts of opulence.

It was then that he embarked upon his "History of England," the first volume of which appeared in 1754. It was "assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation." No one seemed able to find a good word for the man who had "presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I." Hume's disappointment must have been the keener if he had really hoped for a more popular success with his "History" than his philosophical works were likely to bring him. The succeeding volumes, however, did not rouse such universal displeasure, and even the Whigs condescended to read them. A further volume on the "House of Tudor" provided hostile criticism, but Hume's reputation as a man of letters was now too high to cause him much worry, and when the last two volumes appeared in 1761, the public accepted the whole work for what it was—a splendid piece of literature. There are glaring faults throughout, some of which might easily have been avoided by a more thorough and more impartial examination of his materials, but it succeeds just where most, if not all, of its contemporaries fail, and it certainly deserves greater appreciation than is generally accorded it to-day. "It was the first attempt," says one of the most discerning of modern critics, "at a really comprehensive and thoughtful treatment of historic fact, the first to introduce the social and literary aspects of a nation's life in due subordination to its civil and political history, and the first large piece of historical writing in England to be graced with the polish and at the same time with the vivacity of a modern style."

His later years were not spent entirely in that seclusion which, one supposes, he found so congenial. For a time he considered it his duty to re-enter the diplomatic and political world, and it was not until 1769, after two years in London as an Under Secretary of State, that he definitely retired to Edinburgh. Six years later he fell ill, and from that time until his death on August 25, 1776, lived quietly with his friends and his books, resigned to his fate, serenely emending and correcting his writings, freed from all the old disappointments, conscious of the good work he had accomplished. He lived long enough, one is glad to know, to see his lifelong friend Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," to the making of which masterpiece his own writings had helped not a little. His death, faced so admirably, must have been regretted even by those who viewed his writings with abhorrence.

Every great man must of necessity play forerunner, and David Hume stands out as one of the most remarkable pioneers of his century, if not of all time. He found a fearless and original interpretation of life and welded the new thought to a finer literature than may be found in the works of the older philosophers. "The greatest part of mankind," he wrote at the beginning of the first of his "Political Discourses," "may be divided into two classes: that of shallow thinkers, who fall short of the truth; and that of abstruse thinkers, who go beyond it." David Hume spent a noble life in the attempt to go beyond truth. He occupies an enviable place amongst the masters of thought.

A ROMANCE OF THE CROSS
SIR AUBREY DE MONTFORD
RODERICK AND ROSALBA
SIR RODERICK DE MALVOIN
Sir Aubrey killing Hermon Rudegrim
Sir Roderick rescuing Rosalba de Clar
Sir Raimond conquering Sir Richard
Sir Guy finding the letter of Ali
RAIMOND AND MATILDA
SIR RAIMOND DE MERVIL
RETRIBUTION
SIR GUY DE LINTOM

Drawings by D. G. Rossetti at the age of twelve.

Illustrating four stories by himself, W. M. Rossetti, Christina and Maria Rossetti.

From "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by H. C. Marillier. (G. Bell & Sons.)
By permission of Mr. William Michael Rossetti.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best anticipatory account, in about thirty lines and in the manner of Walt Whitman, of "How I saw the Coronation."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

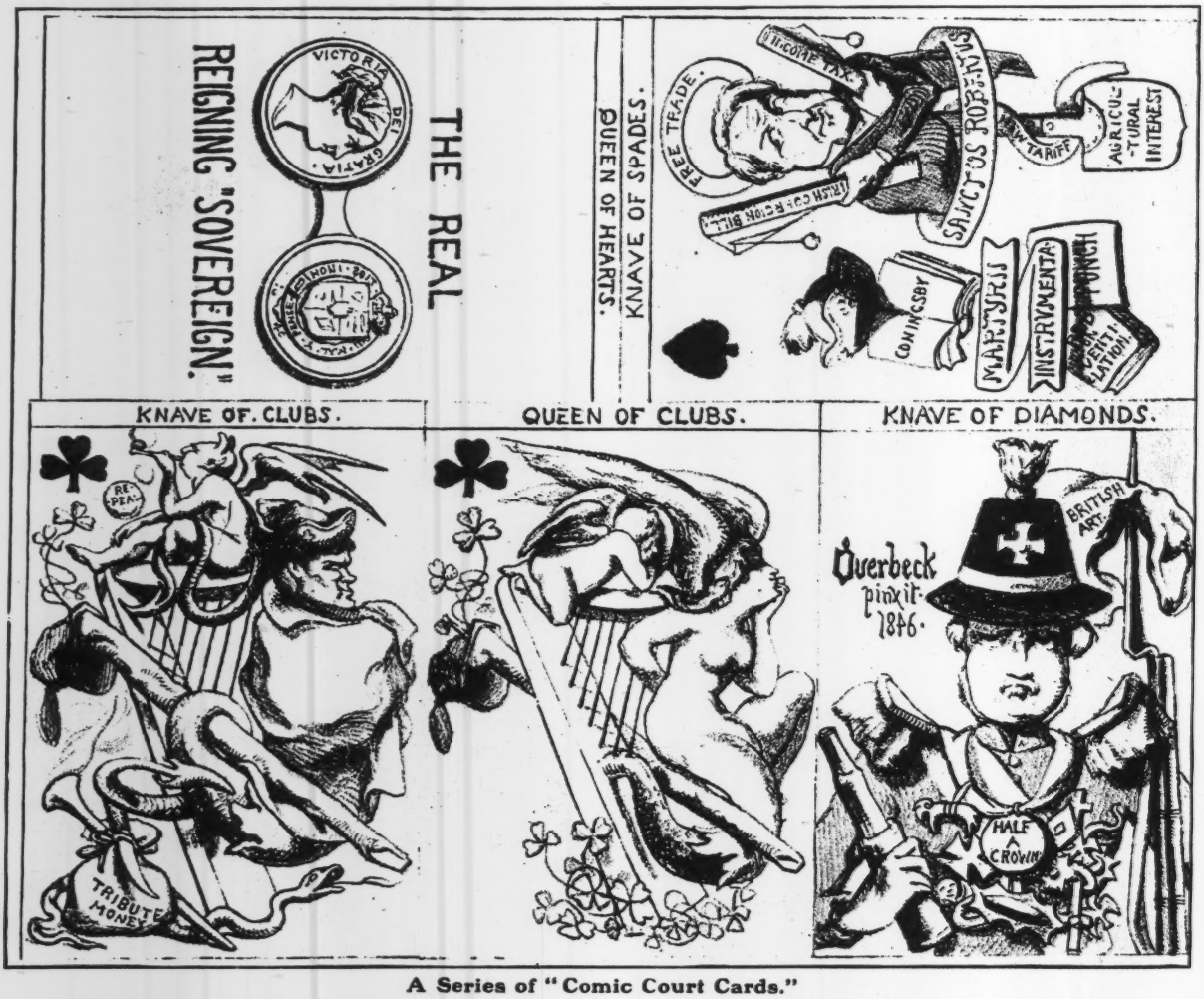
IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss EDITH GRAY, of Arlesey House, Arlesey, Hitchin, for the following:

ARE YOU ALIVE? BY ELLA W. WILCOX.
(Gay & Hancock.)

"When the coster's finished jumping on his mother."
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, *Pirates of Penzance.*



A Series of "Comic Court Cards."

With two exceptions these drawings are now published for the first time. The portraits will readily be identified. The King of Hearts is Shakespeare; King of

We also select for printing:

A LONG WAY WITH BERNARD SHAW (title of review).

"I was weary and ill at ease."
A. A. PROCTOR, *The Lost Chord.*

(Kitty Gallagher.)

A VAGABOND IN THE CAUCASUS. BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

"It was noised next noon
That chickens had been missed at Syllabub Farm."
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Wanderers.*

(Alex. C. Welsh, Stewarton, *via* Goorambat, Victoria, Australia.)

THE COLONEL'S STORY. BY MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR. (Macmillan.)

"And still the wonder grew."
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

(Miss D. Cowper, 53, Lambton Road, St. Michael's, Liverpool.)

THE UNDER-MAN. BY JOSEPH CLAYTON.

"Twelve men sat down upon his corpse,
To find out why he died."
TOM HOOD, *Faithless Nelly Gray.*

(C. Wedlake-Brayley, 13, Archery Street, Leeds.)

THE ECONOMY OF FOOD. BY J. A. MURRAY, B.Sc. (Constable.)

"The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*

(Kitty Fisher, 25, Cape Road, Warwick.)

II.—The Prize for the best rendering of any well-known Nursery Rhyme as it might have been done if Rudyard Kipling had written it, has been divided, and TWO NEW BOOKS are awarded to Miss A. ELEANOR PINNINGTON, of 25, Wellington Road, Brighton, and TWO NEW BOOKS are awarded to Mr. V. FORD, of 12, Priory Road, Clifton, Bristol, for the following:

"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark!
Beggars are coming to town:
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And one in a velvet gown."

As it might have been done if Mr. Rudyard Kipling had written it:

O hark to the great excitement, to the sounds in the busy street,
For even the dogs are barking at the tramp of the shuffling feet:
In ones and in twos and in dozens, in rags and in velvet gown,
In tawdry tatters, and dust and dirt, the beggars are coming to town.

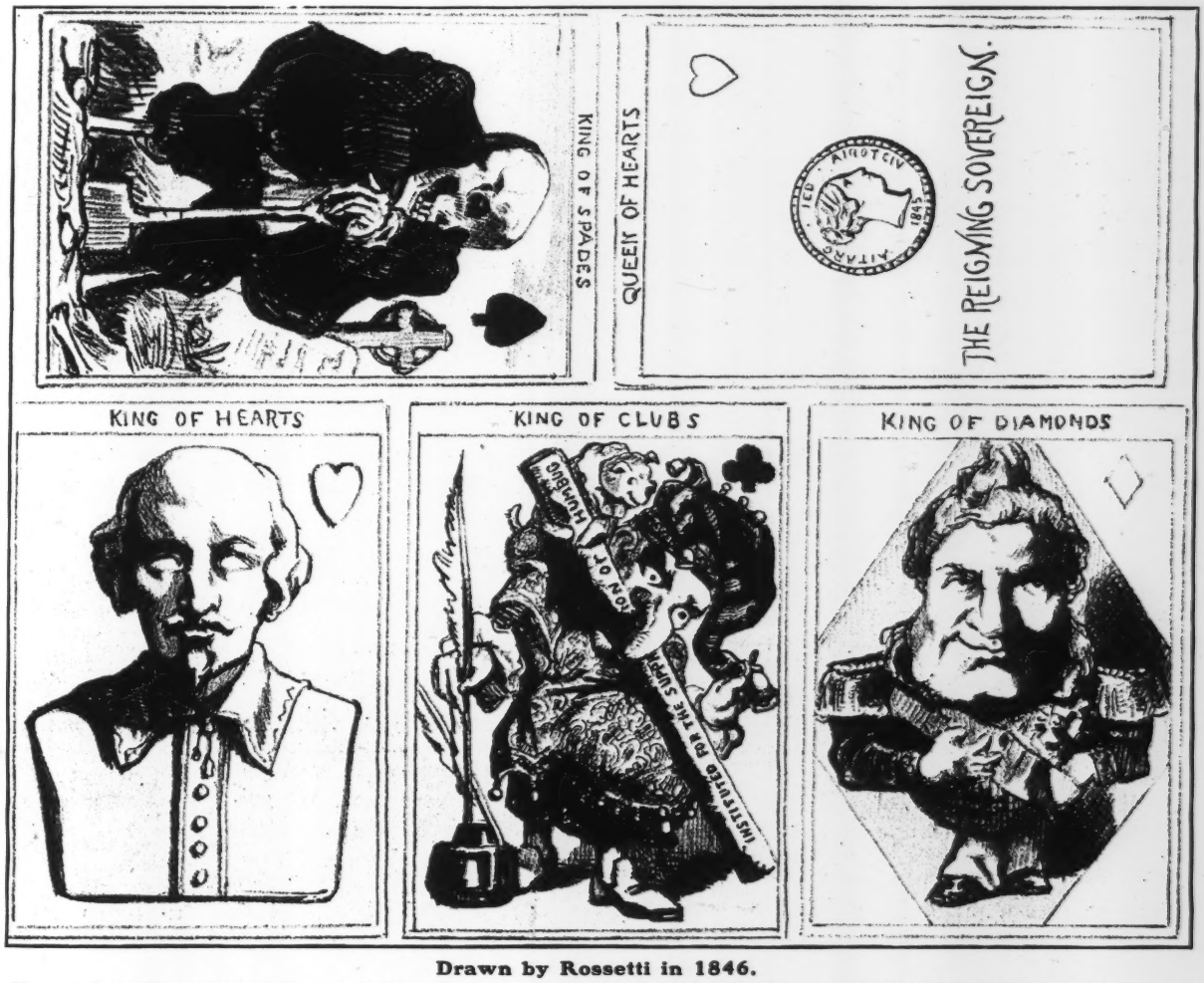
(A. Eleanor Pinnington.)

JOHNNIE 'ORNER.

'E wasn't much to look at—'e was small
An' 'e lurked about in corners—'e was shy;
'E was boss, though we were better fellows all,
An' we got the scraps, while 'e was stuffin' pie—
'E was just a sort o' bloomin' mountebank
An' 'e couldn't work—'is fingers all were thumbs;
'E was lazy, 'e was selfish, full o' swank,
But you bet that Johnnie 'Orner got the plums!

(V. Ford.)

We specially commend the rhymes sent in by J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Betty Jones (Gillingham), Maud Findlay (Brighton), Mary Wilford (Birstall), R. G. Wyatt (Victoria Park, E.), Constance Evans (Minehead), F. A. Clems (Cambridge), Charles Powell (Manchester), Chas. Webb (King's Lynn), James E. Ruddle (Trowbridge), Alice M. Morgan (Sheffield), William Morriss (Sheffield), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), and W. S. Young (Lee, S.E.).



Drawn by Rossetti in 1846.

Diamonds, Louis Philippe; Knave of Diamonds, the Prince Consort; and the Knave of Spades, Sir Robert Peel. (Lent by Mr. William Michael Rossetti.)

ANIMA
A Sonnet is a moment's monument,—
Memorial from the soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own intricate fulness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night prevail; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.
A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals,
The soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due:—
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.
D. G. Rossetti. Published 1st Apr: 27. 1880

Rossetti's Design for his "Sonnet on the Sonnet."

From "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by H. C. Marillier. (G. Bell & Sons.)
By permission of Mr. William Michael Rossetti.

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss MARY C. HENSTON, of 50, Lower Dominick Street, Dublin, for the following:

THE INTELLECTUALS: AN EXPERIMENT IN IRISH CLUB LIFE. By CANON SHEEHAN, D.D. (Longmans & Co.)

This book shows in operation one of those scientific and literary societies which we may hope to see established as an outcome of the Irish Intellectual Revival. It is rightly termed an *experiment*, for the members differ in everything—except culture. The papers contributed discuss many subjects of interest, from Medicine and Politics to Poetry and Metaphysics, and the thoughtful opinions brightly and cleverly expressed by the clubbites contain practically the latest information on those topics. Some fine character-sketching and a slight thread of romance supply the lighter element in a deeply interesting and original volume.

Among the best of the many other reviews received are:

IRISH NATIONALITY By Mrs. J. R. GREEN. (Williams & Norgate.)

Mrs. Green ably traces the development of Irish Nationality from its infancy in the age of Milesian colonisation, through its magnificent adolescence of warrior hosts and singing bards; through its maturity, from the sixth to the tenth century, when Ireland became the keeper of the learning and culture of Europe; through its decline in the long ages of persecution, to its revival at the end of the eighteenth century, concluding with an exhortation to England for sympathy and broad-mindedness in dealing at the present crisis with—

"The lovely and the lonely bride
Whom we have conquered, but have never won."

(Patrick Bonfield, 24, West Side, Wandsworth Common, S.W.)

SPLENDID ZIPPORAH. By Mrs. MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON. (Methuen.)

The heroine of this clever novel is quite worthy of the title. Reared by aristocratic relatives she spent a lonely girlhood, and after a period of musical study at Rolbeck College, went into Society with her aunt. She soon wearied of this life, and with some daring companions started forth to seek an independent living. One eagerly follows Zipporah touring, playing on Margate sands, until at last she conducts her own orchestra. Fame still leaves her lonely, and Mrs. Rawson has succeeded in showing that it takes something more than a career to fill a woman's life.

(Florence L. Stephens, Coombarry, Bodmin.)

THE COMPENDIUM OF THE "SUMMA THEOLOGICA" OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. Translated into English. Revised by FR. WILFRID LESCHER, O.P. (Thomas Baker.)

This admirable translation of the "Summa Theologica" will be invaluable to students of Scholastic Philosophy, and indeed to all who are interested in the development of mediæval thought. The translator has very skilfully preserved the simple phraseology of the original. Its charm lies in the infinite ease with which it grapples with the greatest problems of theology. The book is recommended to those who have hitherto thought that the theology of the Schoolmen is unfathomable and alien to the modern mind. The translator and reviser are to be congratulated on a very excellent production.

(Elinor Moore, Greenbank Cottage, Liverpool.)

We also specially commend the reviews received from Mrs. H. M. Creswell Payne (Roche), E. Rippon (Hull), J. Alex Murray (Midlothian), Mary Wilford (Birstall), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Irene Harrison (Bristol), P. Lynch (Wood Green, N.), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), Miss A. W. Martin (Bingley), Florence L. Bate (Folkestone), Miss C. E. Muirhead (London, N.), M. C. M'Grouther (Newlands), James A. Richards (Tenby), Evelyn Payne (New Barnet), William Morriss (Sheffield), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), Miss Van der Pant (Dover), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Anne E. Higgins (Hoylake), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Margaret T. Craig (Bradford), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), J. Tregendza (Wallington), Miss F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington, N.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), E. J. Norcutt (London, W.), Edna Smallwood (Highbury, N.), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. B. Foulkes (Worcester), L. H. Lang (Cambridge), Miss F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington, N.) and Helen MacLeod Scott (Edinburgh).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mrs. JOHN ADAMS, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W., and to Miss B. O. ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road Scarborough.

New Books.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.*

Sir Walter Runciman's book is of a type which has of late years been added in considerable numbers to the huge mass of Napoleonic literature. It is mainly occupied with Napoleon's last years, and its thesis, in the words of the sea chanty, is that "Boney was ill-treated." Sir Walter Runciman is no hurried convert to this view. He tells us, and his book is a sufficient proof of the statement, that his opinions "have been arrived at as the result of many years of study and exhaustive reading." His long list of "some of the books referred to or consulted" would make the heart of any one, save a Napoleon enthusiast, quail, and throughout the volume there are many signs that these books have not only been read, but read with care and discrimination. If we are not prepared to follow Sir Walter Runciman to the conclusion he would lead us, it is not because we dispute many of the facts he brings forward, but because we cannot help thinking that there is another side to the picture and that there are other facts which tell in the opposite direction. Like most historians, and nearly all biographers, he is more anxious to present his hero in the attitude that best becomes him than to expose him to the full glare in which we can see his faults as well as his virtues. Boney *was* ill-treated, but not so ill nor with such stupid and wanton malice as Sir Walter Runciman makes out.

To begin with Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Walter Runciman writes that "perhaps the best that can be said of Lowe is that he possessed distorted human intelligence," he was "without an atom of tact, judgment, or administrative quality, and his nature had a big unsympathetic flaw in it," "his nature was warped from the beginning," he was "a monomaniac pure and simple," and "his appointment shows how appallingly ignorant or wicked the Government, or Bathurst, were in their selection of him." It has become far too common for admirers of Napoleon to write in this strain of a man who unwillingly undertook a distasteful task, and who on the whole performed it well. So far from Lowe's appointment showing ignorance or wickedness on the part of the Government, Dr. Holland Rose writes with perfect justice that "his firmness of character, command of foreign languages, and intimate acquaintance with Corsicans, seemed to mark him out as the ideal Governor of St. Helena." The fact is that Napoleon cherished some hope of escape from the island, either by direct evasion or by a rescue, and Lowe's firmness on the question of the limits within which he was confined and on the transmission of letters to Europe was the cause of the torrent of obloquy which Napoleon and his friends poured upon the Governor's head. A great deal of light is thrown upon the real attitude of the contending parties to one another from the passage which Las Cases suppressed in his published "Journal," but which may be found in Forsyth's work. It is quoted in Dr. Rose's "Life of Napoleon I.," where the facts of the St. Helena period are summed up in a most convincing manner.

> "We are possessed of moral arms only" (Las Cases wrote in November 1815), "and in order to make the most advantageous use of these it was necessary to reduce into *a system* our demeanour, our words, our sentiments, *even our privations*, in order that we might thereby excite a lively interest in a large portion of the population of Europe."

Others of Napoleon's opponents fare badly at Sir Walter Runciman's hands. Madame de Staël is "a crazy woman"; Madame de Remusat's "Mémoires" are "pregnant with the bitterness of a writer without heart or principle"; and the British Government "and their idiotic Governor" are charged with keeping Napoleon on an island "whose climate was deadly to a constitution such as his." This is how Sir Walter Runciman sums up their conduct:

> "The world is fast beginning to realise the infamy of it all. Not a thought ever entered their heads save that of torture, veiled or open, and the appalling clumsiness of their endeavours to conceal their satanic designs, so that they might appear in the light of beneficent hosts, shows that they cowered at the possibility of public vengeance."

Napoleon worship is a strange thing when it can lead a well-informed writer to pen such sentences as those quoted. Their violence goes far to defeat their end, and until the case against Lowe and the British authorities is put less rhetorically and more persuasively, a reversal of the common verdict is not likely to be gained.

A. W. EVANS.

* "The Tragedy of St. Helena." By Sir Walter Runciman, Bart. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

A CAD—AND A GENTLEWOMAN.*

"Gentlemen will not smoke in this room; the other sort will not be permitted to do so." So ran the legend which the present writer saw displayed in a bedroom he was occupying in a provincial hotel; and, worded thus autocratically, he must confess to some feeling of irritation in his sturdy and democratic soul. Similar irritation will be aroused in the minds of some readers of "Mrs. Alfred Trench." About the power, the originality, the beauty, and the literary distinction of the story, there can be only one opinion; but the author's cocksure assumption of the superiority of one class to another; her undisguised dislike of "Nature's gentlemen" ("He is one of Nature's gentlemen, and she has been used to the other sort," says a character in the book sarcastically); and her bold advocacy of a return to a condition of things amounting practically to feudalism, make her novel an amazing product of democratic days.

The opening chapter is so dramatic, and so admirably "staged," that one is not surprised to read, in the critical opinions of "The Showman," an earlier novel by the same pen, glowing tributes to her knowledge of stage-craft and stage-life, and from such experts as Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Sir Arthur Pinero, and Mr. Adrian Ross. Briefly, the book opens as follows: A gentlewoman has married, as the phrase goes, beneath her; and after the birth of her first child, her brother and the man who had loved, and still loves, her, come to tell her that there was a technical flaw in the ceremony which makes the marriage invalid.

They suppose, and the reader supposes, that the heroine will snatch eagerly at the chance to regain her freedom, but they had not reckoned with the superb and self-sacrificing loyalty of Margaret Trench. Whatever the man she believed herself to have married may be (and Margaret Trench would have died a thousand deaths rather than let one word in depreciation of him escape her), he is her husband in the sight of God and the father of her child. Never, for an instant, does she waver in her loyalty to the man whose vulgarity persistently offends her delicate instincts, whose slipperiness and actual dishonesty in money matters are to her an inconceivable horror, who has squandered her fortune, cut her off from her rightful social station and her friends, overthrown her ideals, and broken her heart. She is a Chester, and Chesters do not go back upon their word. Hers is the pride of race, the ruling life-principle of which is *Noblesse oblige*; and, to her, it is unthinkable that she should soil the great traditions of her race by stooping to take advantage of a technical flaw, even

* "Mrs. Alfred Trench." By the Author of "The Views of Christopher." 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

when to do so means a return to all she loves and holds dearest in life; and to refuse to do so dooms her to spend and to end her days among companions and surroundings that she loathes, and chained to a man for whom she entertains pitying contempt.

The one unconvincing feature in the novel is that Margaret Chester, soldier's daughter and aristocrat, could ever have brought herself to love such a man as Trench. Her life-story is a terrible example of the saying that we pay more dearly for our mistakes than for our sins. Slight as is the tale, it is a tragedy of cruel poignancy and actuality, lightened however by the play of gentle and exquisite humour. There is a heart-rending scene in which the drunken artist-husband (for Margaret has re-married Trench) taunts their son with being a "bastard," and Margaret has to explain, to her loved boy, not only his father's drunkenness, but the meaning of the hateful word. The tragedy in this case is darkened rather than lightened by the delight of boy-Jim (who hates his father) on learning that his own name must be Chester, his mother's, and that he need no longer be known as a Trench.

The author's gift of character-drawing, or rather of creating living men, women, and children, especially children, is extraordinary. She does not describe: she conjures them just as they are, and in flesh and blood, before us, by means of a line, a phrase, or some characteristic touch. Jim, the "bastard," who writes to his mother from school: "I love you awfully, and I have had my first fite"; Trench's vulgar but kindly old uncle, who, albeit standing not a little in awe of Margaret and her titled relations, says, when he first meets her: "You aren't such a fine lady as I expected. Or perhaps you're a finer one, and so it don't show"; Wilson Frere, the successful opportunist, who has planned, not only his life, but his love-making and marriage as coldly and as calculatingly as architects plan a house; Lottie, the slatternly maid of all work, whose own slum-upbringing causes her to take drunken husbands and illegitimate children so much as a matter of course as absolutely to terrify the white soul of Margaret—these and other characters who play only a minor part are etched in to the life. To most readers the masterpiece of the book will be the picture of Alfred Trench, poet, painter, and cad. Even to him the author is manifestly just, yet by a hundred half-contemptuous, half-pitiful touches she lays bare the soul, or rather the artistic temperament which in him does duty for a soul, with insight, understanding, and knowledge that are little less than uncanny. In the present writer's estimation, however, it is Margaret herself by whom the story lives. Just as it is far easier to appear brilliant by writing caustically than by writing appreciatively, so a cheap success in picturing a snob and an "outsider" may be achieved by an author who would fail conspicuously in the portrayal of a gentleman. The creator of "Mrs. Alfred Trench" has not so failed, for her heroine is one of the most real, most lovable, most alive, and most faithful pictures of a gentlewoman in English fiction.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

FATHER RYDER'S ESSAYS.*

The name of Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder appears last on the list of the six priests of the Birmingham Oratory to whom Newman dedicated his "Apologia" in 1864. He died on October 7, 1907, at the age of seventy, having outlived his leader and colleagues. Ryder was an Anglican recruit, who is remembered chiefly for his vigorous bout of controversy with Dr. Ward, the editor of the *Dublin Review*, and the present volume ends with twenty pages of notes upon their duel. He also found time to write magazine articles occasionally, in the intervals of his work as a prison chaplain and a priest in the Oratory. Eleven of these are now reprinted, together with two, on "Auricular Confession" and "Purcell's Life of Manning," hitherto unpublished. The latter is more interesting for the light which it throws upon Ryder than for any fresh estimate of Manning. As a pupil of Newman, Ryder evidently had his own opinion of Manning's conduct, but as a Romanist and a relative of Manning he disliked Purcell's frank treatment.

> "Others who, like the present writer, with all their admiration for Manning's noble qualities and brilliant achievements, have been often painfully depressed by his hopeless want of sympathy with intellectual difficulties, and impatience of anything like criticism; who have conscientiously answered what was once a painful question in ecclesiastical politics, 'What is your name, M or N?' with the second letter—will understand the limitations under which a readjustment of Mr. Purcell's character-chart has been attempted."

Limitations of a different kind affect the review of Father Lucas's Life of Savonarola. Three papers deal incisively with the Ritualist party in the Church of England. Ryder denies outright the claim of the Anglican Church to have any orders, on the ground that it implies the repudiation of the Real Presence and the *juge sacrificium*. It is doubtful if these papers, or those on Dr. Abbott's treatment of ecclesiastical miracles, were worth reprinting. Ryder's mind was more keen than judicial, it was acute rather than strong, and his reply to Dr. Salmon, in the curious essay on "Revelations of the After-World," reminds one of the qualities in Faber which Mozley so neatly transfixed with his sarcasm. The two biographical studies, on Spee, the Jesuit reformer and poet, and M. Emery of St. Sulpice, are better work. Here Ryder is less conscious of a case which requires special pleading. He is also for once in the byways of central history, and this lends a freshness to the studies which marks them with an intellectual distinction absent from his companion inroads into the domestic squabbles of the Roman Church.

The four short essays on general subjects which have been included in this heterogeneous volume are still more attractive, particularly that upon "The Passion for the Past," which is charged with poetical feeling as well as with a subdued intensity of personal yearning. It is the most literary of the essays, and among the smallest. In his "Memories of a Prison Chaplain," Ryder bluntly denies the popular idea that corporal punishment is invariably degrading:

> "I wish to register my conviction here, that, where the punishment is neither excessive nor unjust, this is absolutely untrue. The notion arises from a confusion between the infliction of pain and the exploitation of pain. Direct compulsion through the infliction of physical pain necessarily tends, so far as it succeeds, to degrade the victim; whereas the infliction of physical pain as a penalty for past offence has no such tendency. Just so far as the man is not degraded already it will act as a tonic; for once the victim will have at least tried to play the man; when no such effect ensues further degradation will be impossible."

A similar instance of unexpected and unconventional separation from sentimentalism occurs in the candid essay upon "The Ethics of War," where Ryder denies that the State in its external relations is anything but an imperial entity, whose interests must be administered on strictly business principles. War therefore, in certain circumstances, is inevitable. The so-called Christian prohibition of war does not apply to states; they must often stand up for their rights, like animals or schoolboys, even at the risk of conflict. "Where the Church might most successfully intervene is not before but after the war, in order to prevent it degenerating into a traditional hatred between the combatants." Apart altogether from the ethical value of Ryder's plea against the Quakers, this essay is psychologically interesting as a revelation of the freedom with which the writer's mind could work outside the ecclesiastical limitations within which the majority of these essays had to be composed.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "Essays." By Rev. Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder. Edited by Francis Bacchus. With a Frontispiece. 9s. net. (Longmans.)

THE STREET OF TO-DAY.*

There is no more interesting personality in contemporary English literature than Mr. John Masefield. His career is one to be watched, not only because his work is so full of charm, but because one can never be sure what form it is about to take. Mr. Masefield has experimented in most forms. Verse drama is an exception, but Mr. Masefield is, perhaps, too modern to use a medium which is at present, for all vital purposes, so completely in abeyance. In prose drama, in his "Tragedy of Nan," he has done finer work than any living English, or living Irish, dramatist. There and in a few of his poems he has reached his highest level of achievement, and that is a very high level indeed; but, even so, one feels he has not yet found his perfect means of expression. He has something to say which he has not yet said, though he has half said it many times. "The Street of To-day" is such a semi-articulation. It makes one feel that the novel, or, at any rate, this type of novel, is not the instrument which Mr. Masefield is seeking. To the mass of novels daily spewed from the presses, the book is as diamond to glass. It is only as the work of John Masefield that it is disappointing.

Mr. Masefield is one of our few really creative writers, one of the few who are capable of the fine simplicity which has been so conspicuously lacking in recent literature. In "The Street of To-day" he is analytical and complex. A passionate desire for the perfection of life, the detestation of the modern muddle which has manifested itself in his championship of the cause of women's suffrage, has induced him to write a book which is in part morbid psychology, in part sociological criticism.

It is as a sociologist that Mr. Masefield has wandered furthest from his appointed path. He has followed a line which few of the more active intelligences are nowadays able to resist. But he has not followed it to very good purpose. His newspaper office—the inevitable newspaper office—does not carry conviction. He should leave such matters to Mr. Wells and Mr. Oliver Onions, who do them so much better. He has other and finer work to accomplish.

As pathologist, on the other hand, he is powerful. His characterisation is a little blurred, his chain of cause and effect sometimes imperfectly linked, but the net result of his probing is a poignant drama of modern sex, a tragedy of nerves on the wrack. It is the tragedy of the woman asking too much and the man giving too little; of the woman withholding the man's due; of the shirking of womanhood. It is the drama of the eternal struggle between work and sex, the synthesis whereof is the key to life. All this Mr. Masefield has admirably put forth.

But from him we expect, because he has given us to expect, something else. There is much that is wrong in the world to-day, social relations, sexual relations. There are many keen intellects analysing these wrongs. There are too few who can synthesise. It is not the least of present ills that the creative spirit has almost gone from art. But Mr. Masefield has it. "Nan" proved that. We want a literature of joy and pity, that shall make life seem intense and desirable; not a literature that makes it seem a dreary and intolerable labyrinth. A great creative artist would be of more value to England than all the social experts. Art to-day needs more reality, less realism —"reality and joy," as the one man said who, in this century, has written a finer play than "Nan."

And apart from present needs, Mr. Masefield is a better creator than analyst. His real concern is with life, though his present interest is with the diseases of life. Life comes singing through his science, tumbling it into incoherence. Obviously he has no business with bacilli. For one precious moment of the book, fifty precious pages out of four hundred, life comes through indeed, life and beauty. It is because of those fifty pages that I have judged the rest of the book a little harshly, accepting the standard that they offer. By lower standards it is a good book, full of interest, written in Mr. Masefield's finely simple style, brilliant with epigram. Had it been by any other man, when it would have lacked those pages, I should probably have given it unstinted praise. But from Mr. Masefield I want simplicity and reality and joy, and the beauty which he can make of these things. He has seemed to me one of those who might direct English literature into paths where it has not been for three centuries; which neither the Romantics nor the Victorians found; which are nevertheless its right paths. Let him not disappoint me.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "The Street of To-day." By John Masefield. 6s. (Dent.)

Photo by Hoppé. **Mr. John Masefield.**

MADAME ROLAND.*

Like many another who has given to the world copious memoirs and letters, Madame Roland is better known from her own writings than from those of her biographers. But the present work is none the less welcome on that account. It reveals in concise narrative form, and without unnecessary introspection or digression, the position and character of a remarkable woman. The author has resisted the temptation of entering the labyrinth of history and politics which forms the background of her heroine's life, except in so far as to bring the chief figure into relief and to define the place she filled. Something of the vividness of these stirring times is lost by this method, but the story of Madame Roland no doubt gains in clarity.

Obstinate in her girlhood, insatiable in her desire for knowledge, discontented with the discontent of ambition, generous, fearless, and above everything self-assured and confident—she was described as a "vainglorious little figure"—the possibilities of the French Revolution brought out every faculty and energy with which she was gifted.

* "Life of Madame Roland." By I. A. Taylor. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

It was her lot to be disappointed in life, in her friends, in her husband, in her daughter, in her work, above all in the movement itself, which had so much that was shameful and cruel in it, but disappointment could not quell her indomitable spirit, nor lower the ideals which she had set before herself. "The sacred fire of the love of country" came first, but not to the exclusion of personal friendship. "Public interests did not in her case supersede or exclude private ones. Patriotism, in her own words, generalised and lifted the affections on to a higher plane; friendship embellished and rendered them perfect. She was, in fact, a woman before she was a politician."

The first portion of her existence is chiefly interesting in so far as it was a preparation for the short crowded years of her revolutionary career, a time in which she could plan the reforms which she regarded as essential to the saving of France. Born in March, 1754, she was almost thirty-seven years of age before she saw at close quarters the throes of the struggle in Paris. Her active work for the cause of the Gironde was done between February, 1791, and the end of May, 1793, when she was arrested and imprisoned. One thing remained to do; she had still to write the "Notices Historiques," which were to vindicate her actions and those of the men with whom she had been associated. During the five months of her captivity she produced these descriptive papers, which contain an account of the progress of public events and pen-portraits of the leading men of the Revolution. Brissot, Pétion, Bosc d'Antic, Lanthenas, whom she "treated as a brother—and gave him the name of a brother," and Buzot, whom she loved with an overwhelming yet blameless passion, were her co-workers in the cause, the men of her party over whom she ruled with a power born of intellect and cool judgment.

Her influence over her husband, upon whom she had never bestowed her warmest affections, was equally great, and bears tribute to her remarkable qualifications. It is impossible to dissociate her from his ministerial work or to exempt her from responsibility for his actions. "More and more—perhaps inwardly conscious of his insufficiency for his post or for dealing with the wildness of the storm that was gathering—he appears to have leant upon the genius, the shrewd brain and clear judgment of his wife for support and co-operation." He was indefatigable in industry, unassailable in disinterested uprightness, but he lacked insight, the power of rapid decision, and firmness in an emergency. "For these qualities, combined with her facile pen and her gift of language, he depended upon his wife." They raised her indeed to the head of the Girondist Party, where she stood opposed to Danton, who was head of the Montagnards. It has been said of her that her brain might have combated his ascendancy and have saved the moderates, had she not been a woman, and thus condemned by her sex to use secondary and indirect methods of attack.

There is nothing more cruelly significant, in fact, of the secondary part that earnest women were called upon to play in the great upheaval than the glimpses of Madame Roland in her salon at the Hôtel Britannique and in the rue de la Harpe, surrounded by the men she had invited there to discuss the political situation. She realised that she was perhaps the best informed and the best speaker of them all, but she sat at her desk apparently writing letters, or pretending to be busy with her sewing, whilst she drank in all they said with her keen perceptive faculties and never uttered a word because "she knew the rôle becoming to her sex and never departed from it."

Yet when her work behind the scenes was done the penalty had to be paid in full and in the open square. Ready as she was to face the great ordeal, there had been a moment when she begged for opium from her friend, Madame Grandchamp. "It is not death, nor the scaffold, that I fear," she confessed. "It is the sight of that infamous tribunal; of the people who look on, as if it were a triumph, at the murder of those who loved and wished to serve them." At the end she had the strength to refuse one of the poor privileges offered to her sex, the right to die before a male companion. She insisted that the knife should do its work on him first to spare him suffering, and she died, not grudging the cost, untamed by her experiences and faithful to her creed of liberty.

THE LAND OF PROMISES.*

This is a strong, savage, slashing piece of work. Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt is a young, distinguished member of the most important school in modern English fiction. In "Black Sheep" and other novels of adventure he has co-operated with Mr. W. H. Hudson, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Joseph Conrad, and Mr. Cunninghame-Graham in bringing into our literature the larger, fresher, wilder life of the outlands of the world. "The Land of Promises," however, is inspired by no Imperial passion or zest for adventure. It is a bitter palinode. "The Land of Promises" is Southern Rhodesia. Jimmy Ratcliffe, a tall, honest, clean-living English lad, leaves England in order to join his brother Barry Ratcliffe, who is the biggest trader in Mashonaland. Jimmy is a fairly wealthy man, with a comfortable home, and betrothed to a girl of noble birth who is ready to become his wife; but fired partly by his brother's successful example and partly by a feeling of Imperial patriotism, he goes out to South Africa. A fortnight's march across the veldt from the last railway station brings him to a centre of civilisation which consists of three score tin shanties and mud huts, with a church that had been turned into a drinking saloon. This is the beginning of Jimmy's disillusionment.

What ruined him were his strength of arm and his lively sense of justice. He found Barry Ratcliffe, who was also a Don Quixote, fighting single-handed against the Government. His brother tried to keep him out of all political quarrels, but Jimmy was young and fresh and full of human feeling. Finding that the Government system of recruiting labour was nothing but cruel slave-raiding carried on under official protection, he opposed it. The Government resolved to teach him a lesson. A band of Zambesi negroes, clad in khaki uniforms and armed with Martinis and assegais, descended on his station, misused the women, and captured twenty-one men. The raiders were led by two Government officials, a Scotsman, Goudie, and Andersen, the son of a Swedish missionary. Jimmy gave battle; defeated the Zambesis; half killed Andersen; and was tripped up by a friend and thus saved from shooting Goudie. But the harm was done. Barry Ratcliffe marched across the veldt to help his brother. Barry thought he was in time.

"'There is the camp,' Barry said. 'I can see smoke rising from the kitchen, so it must be all right after all.'

"But no one came out to greet them as they led their weary steeds up the kopje side; and when they went into the big hut there was a stranger in ragged khaki kneeling beside one of the beds, and on that bed was all that remained of Jimmy Ratcliffe.

"'I was too late,' the stranger explained. 'It seems that two native police came in and shot him in his sleep last night. I am Brother Peter, from Baboon Kop.'"

In order to escape being assassinated in the same way in his sleep, by men in the employ of the Government, Barry Ratcliffe fled to England. This, if we may believe Mr. Hyatt, is an actual picture of the condition of life in Mashonaland at the present time. The horrors described by Mr. Sinclair in his "Jungle" are mild compared to the things related of "The Land of Promises." We are unable to state whether the facts are true or not, but it certainly seems to us that some Parliamentary inquiry should be taken in regard to the matter. E. W.

* "The Land of Promises." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

THE KING OF THE KEYBOARD.*

Liszt has a threefold claim on the esteem of musical folk: he was a solo pianist apparently without peer; he was a fine and original composer; and he was a generous and self-sacrificing friend to musicians of all grades and schools—to Wagner above all. Of Liszt the father of modern pianism we have heard much—perhaps too much, for the tradition of performance is always apt to be expansive. Thus we are all sure that Garrick was the greatest actor that ever lived, because no one alive ever saw Garrick, and it is always safe to go to extremes of enthusiasm about some one dead for over a century. But Liszt's playing is near enough to us for more authentic laudation. The tribute of living masters who heard him is not to be gainsaid. Pachmann, for instance, has no more doubt that Liszt was the greatest pianist of the past than that Pachmann is the greatest pianist of the present. The case of Liszt reminds us that great—really great—instrumentalists are the rarest of beings. The flock of current recitalists have no reason now for existing at all. They are superseded by the pianola. I hasten to add that I intend this not as a cheap sneer at them, but as a sincere compliment to a remarkable machine. I mean this: that the standard of musical performance reached by the average Herr This and Fraülein That at the average concert can be easily reached by the average person of taste with a pianola. Why pay half-a-guinea to hear some one do what you can do as well yourself? The question of personality does not come into the story. You cannot reveal a personality if you don't possess one, no matter how responsive your instrument may be; and the amount of personality that exhales from the ordinary piano recital can be easily exceeded by the normal citizen controlling the domes ti pianola with quite moderate taste. A really great personality at an instrument—one whose performance not only impresses a generation, but goes reverberating down the centuries—that is quite another matter; and Liszt seems to have been emphatically the greatest in this kind. His own view of instrumental virtuosity is as clear as it is admirable:

"Let the artist of the future whole-heartedly give up the egoistic and vain rôle of which Paganini was, we believe, a last and illustrious example; let him place his object not in himself, but outside; let virtuosity be to him a means and not an end; let him ever remember that, like nobility, and doubtless more than nobility, '*Génie oblige.*'"

Of Liszt the evangelist—let us call him—musical history has, and will have, much to say. As Mr. Hervey puts it:

"If Liszt the musician occupies a place to himself among the great musical creators, Liszt the man is equally worthy of admiration. Upon this last point there cannot indeed be two opinions. Time has gradually revealed his goodness, self-abnegation, humility, devotion to art and to the interest of others, and the world has wondered. The comprehensiveness of his outlook and his entire absence of envy enabled him to adopt a thoroughly independent attitude towards his contemporaries. . . . Musicians are often inclined to be narrow-minded in their opinions and to close their ears obstinately to any music the conception of which does not correspond with their own special ideas. There was no vestige of this feeling in Liszt."

His very catholicity aroused the fury of the ultra-classicists, and his position at Weimar, where he produced "Lohengrin" for the first time on any stage in the teeth of incredible opposition, was made untenable by the unscrupulous bitterness of their attacks. His final offence was the production of the delightful "Barber of Bagdad" by Cornelius, a delicious work which, to our own shame, has been given at Covent Garden once only in the memory of recent man. The storm of disapprobation that greeted Liszt's production of a work that, at its worst, is perfectly innocuous, decided him to resign his baton; and thus ended a remarkable chapter of musical history.

Not least among those to whom Liszt showed kindness was Brahms. A story is worth quoting:

"Brahms when quite a young man journeyed to Weimar to show the master some of his compositions. It is needless to say that he received both sympathy and encouragement from Liszt. The contrast existing between the two musicians was, however, never so well exemplified as it was in the course of their first meeting. An authentic account of what happened on this occasion has been furnished by William Mason, the American pianist, who was an eye-witness of the occurrence. It appears that Brahms was too nervous to play his own works, so Liszt sat down to the piano in his place, and taking the first piece at hand from the heap of manuscripts, he performed the Scherzo at sight in such a marvellous way, carrying on at the same time a running accompaniment of audible criticism of the music, that Brahms was both surprised and delighted. And now for the sequel. A little later (Mr. William Mason writes) some one asked Liszt to play his own sonata, a work which was quite recent at that time, and of which he was very fond. Without hesitation he sat down and began playing. As he progressed, he came to a very expressive part, which he always imbued with extreme pathos, and in which he looked for the especial interest and sympathy of his listeners. Glancing at Brahms, he found that the latter was dozing in his chair."

It is rather significant that Brahms's most recent biographer tells this story only in part, and in such a way as to make the blame fall on Liszt and the credit on Brahms!

The Liszt who is somewhat overlooked at the moment is Liszt the composer. Some of his work, of course, is perpetually present in the modern pianist's programme, but many of his finest compositions—those for orchestra—are never played. His style and matter are quite original; yet the public are offered all Symphonic Poems—save those of the man who invented that striking form. I recall only two performances of the tremendous "Dante" Symphony and one of the epic "Faust" Symphony during recent years in London; while the choral works might never have been written for all we hear of them. I admit that as a rule the great soul of the world is just about these matters; but I am sure it has been less than just to Liszt, and I appeal to Sir Edward Elgar, our new conductor, to honour Liszt's name during this appropriate year by recalling some fine pieces from undeserved exile. Mr. Hervey's

* "Franz Liszt and his Music." By Arthur Hervey. 4s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Franz Liszt.

From the collection of Mr. John Lane.
"From Franz Liszt and his Music," by Arthur Hervey. (John Lane.)

compact volume is rightly devoted in the main to an exposition of Liszt's compositions. I stand amazed at the author's moderation. In this, Liszt's centenary year, he might well have padded his book out to monumental proportions. He has done nothing of the kind; and his sane, useful little volume should find a place on every music-lover's shelf. GEORGE SAMPSON.

CHEAPSIDE TO ARCADY.*

Here is one in city pent, as he tells us, for some thirty years, who sees in town but the country wearing a mask. Somewhere in the writings of Dean Hole is a passage warning us of the green grass that lies waiting to come up through the crannies and clothe the streets when the trampling of the citizens shall cease to be. Mr. Scammell not only senses this warning, he sees in sky and cloud and the wonders of the firmament, and hears in the winds, reminders that, city born and bred though we be, Mother Earth still holds us in her lap. To him the index fingers of the plane tree are pointing ever to the lovely calendar of the country; and the romance of Nature is stronger than that of legend. Moreover, he has catalogued London's fauna as well as its flora for us. He knows the open spaces. To him Hyde Park is a revelation of both history and contemporary life; and there are fairies to be met in Kensington Gardens. He has discovered and described the sequestered three-acre woodland in Battersea Park, and has seen wild rabbits grazing by gaslight on Putney Heath, where, as he reminds us, Linnæus wept for joy at the sight of the furze in bloom. There is a hint for the London County Council (or for the publishers of Larwood's "Story," which ought to be brought up-to-date) in his remark that Londoners would enjoy their parks the more if they had a little knowledge of their history. He has felt the witchery of the old elms that fringe the fields and meadows of West Middlesex as well as the solemnity of old churches; he has revelled in the beauties of the highways and byways that lie between Harrow and Dorking; in the glories of the Sussex and Wiltshire Downs; in the charm that belongs to the Surrey commons. He has given voice to the feeling that comes with the first fall of summer rain, and rested in the winter hush of the corn. And in taking us with him from crowded city to open countryside his allusions range without pedantry from Meleager to Macadam, calling us by the way to listen to Keats' nightingale, or Shelley's skylark, or to look through the magic casements opening on the foam. Proverb-lore and the interest of place-names are not forgotten, and it is to some strain from Schubert, as it were, that we are wafted "over the hills and far away." Mr. Scammell has given us a book that should point the way to Arcady for many a Londoner who hitherto has been pining at his lot, heedless of the treasures that lie so near to his daily task-work. The volume is one in tune with a Spring that may be said to have rehabilitated the poets.

FOR THE HUMAN MAN.†

Two of the many things it is quite unprofitable to argue about are humour and poetry. The joke that has to be explained to you is no joke, so far as you are concerned; and the poetry that gives you no pleasure is not poetry for you, though it may be for others. It is the merest arrogance to condemn everything you cannot appreciate, and to talk of your inability to appreciate it as if that were the hall-mark of some rare superiority in yourself. Yet this, unfortunately, is what too many critics are apt to do. Poetry is the gift-horse, and it is foolish and ungracious to look it in the mouth. It is the diamond of many facets, and the man who can only admire one of them proves nothing but his own limitations. He is an insular soul who cannot find something of great poetry in Longfellow as well as in Swinburne; in Ebenezer Elliot as well as in Milton; in Nat Lee as well as in Shakespeare. I confess that I always turn from the superior sniffings of our more dandified critics with a renewed conviction that old Samuel Daniel was in the right of it when he said, "Suffer the world to enjoy that which it knows, and what it likes, seeing that whatsoever form of words doth move, delight, and sway the affections of men . . . that is true number, eloquence, and the perfection of speech." After all, this is the truest of touchstones, for, though a man may write for his private entertainment, it is to be presumed that he publishes for the entertainment of others, and he has not mastered his art if he fails to entertain them.

Here are three books of poems that, whether they satisfy the petty canons of the merely critical or not, will certainly move, delight, and sway the affections of men. They do not aim at giving themselves a superficial air of distinction by indulging in scholarly exercises on classical themes that were natural and fitting to their own day, but are artificial and out of date in such a day as this; they have not the finicking, effeminate airs that make so much modern poetry minor poetry and keep it so; but they have sentiment, humour, fancy, melody, and they carry these graces as a man should—manfully; they have a vigour and frank masculine quality, a strong, tonic, morning message that is better worth singing than are many twilight maunderings that are perhaps more cunningly phrased. They draw their inspiration from the common life of common day; the joy and sadness in them are the joy and sadness of ordinary, healthy humanity; the beauty and tenderness of childhood, the hopes and dreams of youth, the strife, endurance, heroism, and wise disillusion of manhood and womanhood; and they have the charity and breadth of outlook that come to a man who has lived and lived long enough to know that his own world is never the only one.

It is scarcely necessary to say anything at all of the Poems of Eugene Field. They are now brought together in a complete edition for the first time, but so many of them, notably the child-poems, are so familiar to the majority of us from their frequent appearance in magazines and anthologies, that a mere mention that this book has been published is almost a sufficient recommendation of it. The collection is a very large one and a very varied. Some of the poems included seem to me a little trivial, some a little commonplace, but nobody will judge the book by these. There are delightfully humorous ballads and narrative poems that amply atone for them, and more than all there is a wealth of that poetry about children, quaint, fantastic, humorous, and touched with simple pathos, in the writing of which Eugene Field has scarcely a living rival. There is the same exquisite note of pathos in many of the poems of older life, such as "Gettin' On," or "Lizzie," or "Telka," and the same winsome, whimsical humour; but always you go back for the best things to such inimitable child-poems as "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," "At the Door," "Father's Letter," "The Grandsire," "Little Homer's Slate," "Little Boy Blue," "The Rock-a-by-Lady," "The Dinkey Bird," "Googly-Goo," "Little-Oh-Dear," and a score of others so familiar that one feels it is needless to quote them; moreover, there is no space to do so adequately, unless one selects, for the sake of its brevity, "Grandma's Prayer":

> "I pray that, risen from the dead,
> I may in glory stand—
> A crown, perhaps, upon my head,
> But a needle in my hand.

* "Cheapside to Arcady." By Arthur Scammell. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

† "The Poems of Eugene Field." With Portrait. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)—"The Father of the Sea, and Other Legends of the Deep." By W. Clark Russell. 2s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)—"Songs of the Road." By Sir A. Conan Doyle. 5s. (Smith, Elder.)

"I've never learned to sing or play,
So let no harp be mine;
From birth until my dying day
Plain sewing's been my line.

"Therefore, accustomed to the end
To plying useful stitches,
I'll be content if asked to mend
The little angels' breeches."

Eugene Field is essentially the poet of the family and the fireside. Clark Russell, as homely in his manner and as everyday in his choice of subject, writes in rhyme as in prose for the average man in his less homely moods; he writes rugged, swinging ballads of seafaring that have the salt and rough music of the sea in them, and the fact that his volume, "The Father of the Sea," is now in its third edition, in an age that is supposed to be indifferent to the wiles of the poet, is more to the purpose than a column of eulogy could be. He tells his tales in verse as vividly and forcefully as he tells them in his novels. "Marooned" is a strong, grimly imaginative ballad that has won the admiration of so great a critic as Mr. Watts-Dunton; and "The Middle Passage," a powerful story of the slave-trade, the roaring pirate song of "Captain Teach," and the haunting legend of the eternal wanderer, "The Father of the Sea," worthily companion it between the same covers.

Sir Conan Doyle's "Songs of the Road" is, once again, a book for the general reader, the human man, who reads for pleasure and is more concerned with ideas than with word-jugglery. It disarms criticism with a "Foreword":

"If it were not for the hillocks
You'd think little of the hills;
The rivers would seem tiny
If it were not for the rills.
If you never saw the brushwood
You would underrate the trees;
And so you see the purpose
Of such little rhymes as these."

But there was no occasion for Sir Conan to present himself as a poetical helot in this fashion. He is no boudoir lutanist, nor makes any pretence to greatness as a poet; but his songs are the songs of a man, and men will enjoy them. Frankly, I don't care for his "Hymn of Empire," written in view of this Coronation year; the sentiment is stereotyped, and the movement of the whole thing is laboured and mechanical, but most of the other songs in the volume are alert with the right careless spontaneity of utterance. From among the narrative verses one singles out "The End," with its quiet tragedy of suggestion, and "The Outcasts," an admirably terse and realistic little morality-ballad; and, for the bluff, hearty, capital story in them, especially in the latter, "The Groom's Encore" and "Bendy's Sermon."

There are good things, too, among the Philosophic and the Miscellaneous verses in the "Songs of the Road." "Mind and Matter," and, more particularly, "Darkness," present the world-old problems of life and death with a sharp and luridly imaginative directness; there is something of Poe's eerie elusiveness in "Night Voices," and plenty of sterling good sense and courage in the odd jingle of advice addressed "To a Young Author" that concludes:

"Critics kind,
Never mind!
Critics flatter,
No matter!
Critics curse,
None the worse!
Critics blame,
All the same!
Do your best.
Hang the rest!"

Most men dislike modern poetry because they are too deeply engaged in the business of living, and find that it does not come home to them at all and is not strong enough to take them out of themselves; it does not interest them because it has nothing to say of affairs that concern them, or the common world in which they rejoice and work and suffer and grow old. The chief merit of these three books is that they are filled with the breath of humanity, they do take up the harp of life and whatever music is in them is played upon its chords. Therefore, one feels justified in saying that these are three books of poetry that most men will like.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

CAPTAIN BLACK.*

The first edition of "The Iron Pirate" was published some eighteen years ago, and numberless subsequent editions, in various form and sizes, have not exhausted its enormous popularity. The wild improbability of the whole story coupled with its bold appeal to the imagination was the making of it. The insatiable ambitions, the brutal passions and unbridled lusts of a set of seventeenth-century buccaneers were let loose on the smug, commercial world of the nineteenth century, bristling with instruments of death beyond the dreams of nineteenth-century science. Thrill followed hot upon thrill—men buried alive in pits of snow, dead men embedded for all time in blocks of ice, ocean-going liners held up, warships defied, death ever present robed in fresh terrors.

Over and over again in the course of the story the reader would say to himself, "This is the culminating thrill; the story must surely pall after this." But the next chapter was always the most arresting chapter. And now Mr. Pemberton has performed a yet more wonderful feat, and given us a string of breathless adventures on and under the high seas which for sheer audacity and imaginative genius surpasses even "The Iron Pirate." Captain Black is alive again. More alive and more terrible than ever, it seems; for in place of the Nameless Ship which was sunk in the Atlantic, Mr. Pemberton has fitted him with an electric-driven submarine equipped with periscopes, electric projectors, liquid oxygen, gyroscopic compasses, and engines for dealing death on that vast and awful scale which one associates with the exploits of the invincible Captain. "One nation or ten," boasts this dread pirate, "pile the fleets of the world against me to-morrow, and I'll sink 'em in twenty-four hours. . . . By all that's in heaven and hell, I'll make them know my name and never forget it to the end of Time." The story is related by Mark Strong, who engages in a quest for the Captain's hidden treasure. He is induced to journey once more to memory-haunted Ice Haven by an eccentric letter from Osbart, the mad imprisoned doctor: "The treasure lies in the chamber of the dead. Go where dead men's fingers point and their gibes ring in your ears. Turn the crescent of the tomb and delve amid its winding sheets. . . ." It is a wonderfully thrilling narrative, and Mr. Pemberton's easy, suasive style invests the most amazing episodes with captivating reality.

CANADA AND AUSTRALIA.†

It is impossible, except upon the assumption that publishers are the most philanthropic of men, to justify the complaint of the Colonies that they are regarded with indifference by the inhabitants of the Mother Country. The number of books that are published annually upon the British Empire is an eloquent testimony to the contrary. Nor is it merely the number of such books which is remarkable. One is struck also by the fact that every aspect of colonial life and activity is found to prove interesting to the public. The truth of this last remark is exemplified by the four volumes which it is proposed here to notice.

* "Captain Black." By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

† "Sunny Australia." By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Canada as It Is." By John Foster Fraser. 6s. (Cassell.)—"Canada of To-day." By William Maxwell. 1s. net. (Jarrold.)—"The New Garden of Canada." By F. A. Talbot. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Mr. Fraser's book is, indeed, already familiar, and it should not be necessary to say much about this new and revised edition to which Lord Strathcona has written a preface. Mr. Fraser's style is well known. He has a keen power of observation, an incisive and picturesque pen, and a sound determination not to shrink from uncomfortable and unpleasant realities. His weakness for striking "word-pictures" leads him at times into palpable exaggerations —we are told, for example, on p. 250 that "it fills an American with surprise to get into a land where it is certain that if a man shoots another he will be hanged"—but, if a certain wildness of statement is discounted, we always feel that Mr. Fraser has the gift of bringing his subject before our minds with a force that very few other writers can rival. Nor is he always concerned with purely descriptive scenes. He has included in his volume a quantity of statistical and strictly utilitarian information the accuracy of which has stood successfully all the tests which we have applied. A catalogue of these most useful chapters would be both tedious and out of place, but a word of special mention should be given to the first chapter entitled "The Coming of the Strong" and also to those passages which deal with the relations of Canada to the British Empire and to the United States of America.

Equally good, so far as it goes, is the handbook in which Mr. William Maxwell has set himself to state frankly the conditions, tendencies, and opinions of Canada as he found them. The book is very largely political and deals with all the questions of the hour, such as the desire in Canada for Free Trade—a particularly good chapter—Canada's relations with the United States, and the effect of Reciprocity. If anything, indeed, Mr. Maxwell is rather too up-to-date and he speaks in several places as if the Reciprocity Agreement between the two countries were already an accomplished fact. Another very interesting chapter contains an account of an interview which Mr. Maxwell had with the French Nationalist leader M. Bourassa. This interview deserves to be carefully studied by all who are concerned with the future of Canada and is the key to many subsequent pages in which Mr. Maxwell discusses the problem of the French population in the Dominion.

Mr. Marshall's book (introduced by Sir George Reid), while proceeding upon somewhat the same general lines as Mr. Fraser's, is very different in manner. He has none of Mr. Fraser's slapdash methods and works in a quieter and less vivid medium. Instead of capturing you, as it were, by breathless assault, Mr. Marshall wins you by his charm and urbanity. One can easily understand how he found the people of Australia so friendly, and how his tale of hospitalities enjoyed mounts ever up and up. He, too, has included much valuable information upon the industries of Australia which the intending emigrant would be wise to consider. There are chapters upon sugar, dairying, sheep, orcharding, wheat and so forth. Like every other traveller, Mr. Marshall seems to have been particularly charmed by Tasmania and his description of fruit-growing in the "fly-speck" is highly optimistic:

"On a hundred acres, the purchase-instalments of which never come to more than £5 a year, a handsome living can be made. In fact, six acres of good orchard land will keep a family, for the returns are from £20 to £50 an acre. I saw an apple orchard of fifty acres from which the owner's income was £2,000 a year. And although it takes eight years for the trees to come to full bearing, and there are other considerations to be borne in mind, a pleasant occupation in a delightful climate and a good livelihood, if not a large fortune, are assured to any one who takes up fruit-growing in Tasmania."

The impressions which Mr. Talbot has to relate are of quite a different order from those of Mr. Fraser and Mr. Marshall. He was one of a party which set out from Wolf Creek, a spot on the western fringe of civilisation in Alberta, and he threaded a trail of some 1,200 miles through practically unknown country before coming to his journey's end at Prince Rupert. Some of his experiences were tremendously exciting. No one will read his account of how the Indians took the canoes through the Grand Cañon on the Upper Fraser River without feeling that the terms of the warning in which the party was prepared for the worst were justified. "Another few minutes, boys, and we'll be at hell's gate, so get ready." In general, however, the principal value of Mr. Talbot's book is derived from the fact that he is able to give information which is, as yet, not to be found in the official Guides and Blue Books. How utterly lonely some parts of British Columbia are may be seen in the extreme case of Burns Lake, where mails are collected and delivered once a month only. Or again, one may take the following incident which Mr. Talbot relates:

"A farmer on François Lake found it necessary to despatch a telegram, which entailed a ride of some eighty miles. That wire communication involved the best part of a week's absence from home, with a blanket, and a few pounds of the barest provisions thrown upon his horse. He spent the night in the [operator's] cabin, in expectation of a reply which never came, so that the journey to all intents and purposes was wasted. Riding eighty miles to secure urgent communication with the outside world is a phase of frontier existence which throws its isolation into glaring relief."

Jamberoo.

From "Sunny Australia," by Archibald Marshall. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Equally impressive, though in a different manner, is Mr. Talbot's description of the extraordinary fertility in fruit of the Bulkley Valley and of the vast mineral wealth which is being gradually exploited hard by. The possibilities of this (and other) districts are discussed with obvious impartiality by the author. But it is impossible to follow him in any detail to the end of his long journey at Prince Rupert. As one closes the last pages of his book, one cannot but reflect once more upon the wonderful potentialities of the British Empire. And into this

A Busy Corner in Toronto.

From "Canada as It Is," by J. Foster Fraser. (Cassell.)

reflection also comes a sense of satisfaction that these potentialities should have made the appeal which they have to such capable writers as Mr. Fraser, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Talbot.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

FRANCISCO FERRER.*

Few matters leap so rapidly into prominence and agitate so suddenly the public mind as did the case of Francisco Ferrer, executed on October 13, 1909, as the "author and chief" of the July "revolution" in Barcelona. There was a contagion of protest and indignation, which spread over Europe and across the Atlantic, so that public bodies in South American cities and trades unions in the United States put on record their denunciations of the forces which had done Ferrer to death. A few months before, he had been all but unknown outside his native Spain, save to educationalists; but his trial and death thrust him into a notoriety which filled the world's eye. The Maura Government succumbed to the weight of odium it had incurred by its part in the matter.

The storm was brief; it was a squall rather than a gale; and as soon as it had subsided the various supporters of reaction in Spain made sail again, and the execution of Ferrer was justified by violent calumny of the dead man. Tried already and condemned by a tribunal whose mere constitution placed the accused under a deadly handicap, he was condemned afresh upon a hundred counts. He was (it was alleged) a notorious evil liver, who had left his wife and children to starve, and spent upon his mistress the wealth he had wheedled out of a confiding old maid. He had used money left to him to found Catholic schools in order to start the Escuela Moderna, and he had been at the back of Morral's attempt to assassinate the King and Queen of Spain. Further, his defenders and apologists—I not least among them—were anarchists, enemies of religion, and, of course, liars. And there, for a very large number of newspapers and magazine readers, the affair rested. Ferrer was dead, and liberally damned, and the papers found newer matter for their headlines. The mere truth about the whole thing seemed buried with the shot-riddled body on the southern slope of Montjuich.

* "The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer." By William Archer. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Fortunately, it fell to Mr. William Archer to exhume that truth, and set it forth in "The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer," and thus to preserve from obscurity a chapter in the history of modern Spain. In his preface he has explained how he came to undertake the task which he has completed with such admirable perspicacity and lucidity. An article of my own in *McClure's Magazine* (New York) drew down upon me and upon the magazine the wrath of American Roman Catholics, who so assailed my version of Ferrer's life and trial that the editor commissioned Mr. Archer to proceed to Spain and undertake an impartial investigation of the whole affair. This book, with its full and well-rounded presentment of Ferrer as he lived and as he died, is one of the results of that mission; and for the first time we have the means afforded us in English of judging how far Ferrer received justice at the hands of his judges, and of those other judges who condemned him so freely when he was already dead.

The chief crime of Ferrer, in the eyes of those powers who finally compassed his death, was the Escuela Moderna. To a population of less than twenty millions, of which ten millions can neither read nor write, he brought a manner of education which, says Mr. Archer, was "unmistakably and avowedly a nursery of rebellious citizens. It might turn our 'good Europeans,' but, from the point of view of any believer in the established order of things, spiritual, administrative, or economic, its whole effort was to turn out bad Spaniards." It is, however, open to us to believe that the Spaniard who hates and opposes a system which leaves half his fellow-countrymen illiterate may be a better patriot than the officially "good" Spaniard. The school opened on September 8, 1901, with eighteen boys and twelve girls; at the end of its first year its pupils numbered seventy, and in 1905 they had increased to a hundred and twenty-six. Its methods and its success gave an extraordinary impulse to education, of which the effects passed the borders of Catalonia, and even of Spain, and made themselves felt in South America. According to the Auditor-General, in the official Process, there existed in 1906, in the province of Barcelona alone, forty-seven branches of the Escuela Moderna, "which number has since increased prodigiously."

The teachings of the school were strongly objectionable to every clerical and conservative factor in Spain. They could scarcely be otherwise, since they were designed to counteract every idea and principle of life which uphold those factors. Mr. Archer has been at the pains to describe Ferrer's methods and doctrines with some particularity and a manifest impartiality, for he concludes that "there was much in Ferrer's teaching that, in any country in the world, could not but strain toleration to its utmost limit."

Fortunately, few countries can so little afford toleration as Spain. That party in the State which could afford it least marked him for death in 1906, more than three years before it contrived to make an end of him, for it laid him by the heels on the charge of complicity in the crime of the Calle Mayor at Madrid, when Morral threw his bomb at the newly wedded King and Queen of Spain. It was a season of the gravest danger for Ferrer. Every effort was made to have him dealt with by a military tribunal, such

The Ferrer Family at Bendigo, 1898.

Trinidad. Francisco Ferrer. Paz. Mariá (José's wife). José Ferrer.

From "The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer," by William Archer. (Chapman & Hall.)

as that which condemned him in 1909: "it was doubtless the failure of those efforts which saved him," writes Mr. Archer. As it was, the Court was openly ill disposed to him; and only the clearest exposition of his innocence—an exposition which rendered vain the prejudice and hostility of his enemies—sufficed to save him. He was fully acquitted; and not till he was at last dead was the calumnious and futile accusation renewed against him.

The second time that he fell into the hands of his enemies, they were better provided. No incompetent civil Court was their weapon, but a military tribunal, the last resort of weak and tyrannical states. Space is wanting to summarise, even in the most insufficient manner, Mr. Archer's masterly survey of the case as it was laid before the Court, and his clear demonstration of the fact that even the rules of Spanish military procedure, grossly unfair as they are to the accused, were not observed in Ferrer's case, but were over-ridden to his disadvantage. He was condemned to death as the "author and chief" of the Barcelona riots, and the Auditor-General, in urging the confirmation of the sentence—successfully—laid his cards on the table and reinforced his argument with the account of the growth and success of the Escuela Moderna. Possibly that settled it; it is difficult to believe that the fantastic prosecution sufficed to kill him, or the curiosities of evidence to convince any one; but the fact remains that on October 13, 1909, Francisco Ferrer faced with bandaged eyes a firing party in the Santa Eulalia bastion of Montjuich, and his last cry of "Long live the Escuela Moderna" was cut short by three bullets in the brain.

Mr. Archer has dealt faithfully with his subject; he has hunted down the slanders which pursued Ferrer even in his grave. He has seen and now quotes the will of Mdlle. Mennier, Ferrer's benefactress, and puts to rest all the reckless assertions that there was malversation of the poor lady's money. The desertion by Ferrer of his wife and children is shown to be a light-hearted fiction—a dangerous one to repeat, I am glad to say, for after Ferrer's death his daughter Trinidad prosecuted one propagator of this libel successfully.

"An ardent, uncompromising, incorruptible idealist," is Mr. Archer's summing-up of Ferrer's character. "His ideals are narrow, and his devotion to them is fanatical, but it is devoid, if not of egoism, at any rate of self-interest and self-seeking." He was "absolutely and limpidly sincere," "he was the most genuinely unambitious of men," and "the man who wrote his letters from prison and who faced the great enigma—to his mind no enigma, but night and nothingness—with such serene, unfaltering resolution, is certainly not the least among the victims of obscurantism, the martyrs of free thought."

The usual trouble, one hopes, besets conservative Spain; they killed a man and made a martyr, and the blood of martyrs is fruitful stuff.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

Novel Notes.

THE MARRIAGE OF QUIXOTE. By Donald Armstrong. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

Mr. Donald Armstrong's name is unknown to us, and it is no disparagement of his work to say that he is obviously very young, most refreshingly young. If, as we surmise, "The Marriage of Quixote" is a first book, it is a remarkable achievement, and even more remarkable in its promise. There is an infectious gaiety, not to say boyishness, about it that is most exhilarating. Mr. Armstrong permits his hero more than one gibe at the reviewers, but they will be the first to forgive him for the sake of his reckless prodigality of cleverness. An older hand would be more economical of his epigrams. Of course some of the epigrams are a little cheap, but no one can keep up a blaze of epigram without an occasional misfire. Mr. Armstrong is splendidly reckless. It is hit or miss with him, no caution and no half measures, and the percentage of hits is amazingly high. Mr. Armstrong is not wanting in courage and he is not afraid to attempt the almost impossible task of making his hero a genius. If he does not altogether succeed in persuading us that Andrew Grahame is a genius, at least he makes him vividly real. Indeed, Mr. Armstrong has a very pretty gift for characterisation. He knows his London well and in particular Kensington—Kensington, that is, not as a geographical expression but as typical of the cultivated more or less leisured class who live mainly to enjoy books, plays, and music. He can describe a Wagner night at Covent Garden with taste and vigorous appreciation. His only failure is the siren, Ginevra Athelstane, a frankly melodramatic figure redolent of the stage. For the rest, his characters are full of vitality and excellent company, cultivated, natural, and mostly young. All except the siren are people one might meet anywhere, only more brilliant and amusing. Mr. Armstrong's heroine is a girl of distinctly "coming on" disposition, but in spite of a dash of the audacity of Anne Whitefield, she is not unwomanly. Mr. Armstrong has obviously read his Shaw,

and his witty opening chapter, "Cravat Philosophy," owes a good deal to Meredith, though it is Meredith in lighter vein. But he is so buoyant and so full of sparkle, that even the most hardened reviewer will look forward to his next book with pleasurable anticipation.

ELFA. By A. W. Marchmont. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is a suggestion of the fairy tale about A. W. Marchmont's latest novel—a certain atmosphere of daintiness and delicacy which lingers with the reader even when the book is closed and the story finished. It is without doubt a story of extremes—extreme strength, extreme gentleness, extreme love, extreme hate, and extreme passion. Its hero is a giant both in size and strength, who for various reasons has withdrawn from the world to live a life of solitude amongst the mountains of Austria. One day, whilst out hunting, he comes across a beautiful maiden who has fainted and is lying on the edge of a lichen-covered stone. He carries her to his hut and takes care of her, but never allows her to see his face by daylight because of an ugly scar on his cheek which entirely disfigures him. One follows the adventures of this oddly matched couple with growing interest to the very end, for this is a story with a unique plot, unique characters, and of unusual merit.

DRENDER'S DAUGHTER. By Netta Syrett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Leonard Chetwynd had the misfortune to be brought up on a system. His mother was one of the Girton "pioneers" and with the best intentions and an infinitude of care she ended by producing a very perfect gentle prig. This, by the way, is hardly fair to the Girton "pioneers," whose eccentricities were mainly confined to wearing waistless garments of an unlovely green. Unlike Richard Feverel, he did not revolt against the system, and in fact became so permeated by it that when he reached marriageable age he looked for a wife trained on a similar plan. As no suitable mate could be found, at the suggestion of a mad socialist secretary he hit upon the singular expedient of choosing a child to be trained as his wife. Unfortunately for the system and himself he makes the worst possible choice. Little Nancy Drender is a hot-tempered handsome child, brimming over with nervous energy and by temperament a born rebel. The situation sounds improbable, but Miss Syrett states her case so fairly and has so clear a grasp of Chetwynd's character, that she succeeds in persuading us that this fatuous experiment is the natural and almost inevitable consequence of Chetwynd's upbringing. The greater part of the book is devoted to Nancy's education, and the gradual development of the child's character is drawn with singular delicacy and skill. Miss Syrett has undertaken a task of exceptional difficulty and she has avoided the temptation of securing our sympathy for Nancy by prejudicing us against Chetwynd. Chetwynd is a colossal prig, but he could not help it and he was more sinned against than sinning. Miss Syrett is scrupulously fair to him, and never stoops to caricature. Nancy is a charming personality and Miss Syrett has never employed her gift of graceful writing and easy characterisation to better advantage. Of course, such an experiment could only end in disaster, but the *dénouement* is as ingenious as it is unexpected. Miss Syrett's work is a little lacking in breadth and power, but she is gaining steadily in finish and sureness of touch.

THE MAJOR'S NIECE. By George A. Birmingham. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Those who wish to be thoroughly entertained should read Mr. Birmingham's new story, the villain of which, the red-haired curate, generally known as J. J., holds the attention from first to last. He not only has a way with children which sets at defiance all the cut-and-dried theories of the Parents' Educational Union, but he has an imagination fertile enough to find a way out of every difficulty, and a tongue active enough to out-talk every opponent. The Major's unknown niece is thrust upon him while her mother is travelling about Europe, and in his despondency the poor man implores the help of J. J. By inference the two conclude that Marjory Purvis, the niece, is a grown-up and beautiful young lady, and therefore the curate gets up picnics and parties and arranges a public visit from the Lord Lieutenant. When the fair girl arrives she is found to be an untidy, undistinguished child of ten. The curate might have been nick-named "the unafraid," for he is always ready to stand in the breach, when the Major would run away; a furious cook, an irate mother, or a disappointed town are all without alarms for him, and he is equally prepared to instruct Marjory in cleaning her teeth or to save her life when she puts it in danger. Mr. Birmingham does not overwhelm us with witty sayings, but he has a true sense of fun and humour, which he displays so naturally that the reader has many an involuntary and hearty laugh before he comes to the end of the Major's troubles.

ON THE THRESHOLD. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Hichens is a novelist one is always ready to take seriously. He sets himself to portray mankind, not merely to write exciting stories. The subject of this book is unusual and very modern, the theme is worked out carefully and consistently by the author, and yet we do not feel that he quite believes in it. Now the reader demands from the writer of a book dealing with the supernatural an unhesitating belief that the events described could have happened; when he does not find this belief, the reader is dissatisfied. The hero, the Reverend Marcus Harding, is a successful and fashionable clergyman in the West End of London. He has no spirituality or genuine religious feeling, his sole motive is ambition nourished on a great pride. He had enough intellectual capacity and interest to keep himself in touch with modern thought, and was more particularly interested in psychical research. His curate Chichester is weak, pious, and very worthy, full of a real admiration for the vicar, a hard worker, but a poor preacher. Mr. Harding from curiously mixed motives, which, however, are perfectly natural, induces Chichester to have private séances with him, pretending that he wishes to give him some of his own strength of will. Almost at once Chichester and Harding seem to change personalities: Chichester acquires even more than Harding's eloquence and power over men, and completely dominates Harding himself. All Harding's power departs from him, his whole character, moral and intellectual, goes to pieces. Chichester at first grieves over all this, but gradually his power makes him relentless and cruel. Harding suddenly dies, Chichester becomes again the simple, pious, somewhat ineffective and stupid curate, his life as Harding goes completely from him like a dream. The whole story is admirably told and thoroughly absorbing; criticism only comes in at the end. It is not altogether uncomplimentary to the author that one feels a great book could have been written on this theme; one is conscious of a comparative failure here because one is impelled to judge it by a very high standard.

ADVENTURE. By Jack London. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

The opening quotation from "The Ship of Fools" is a good introduction and prepares one for the atmosphere of the story. It is short, full of life and variety, and always exciting. The hero, David Sheldon, is, as it were, a dumb poet—that is, he lives his romance unselfconsciously because he must. In one way he is rather uninteresting and quite commonplace, but he must be judged by his deeds. Joan Lackland is a particularly fascinating heroine,

with all the charm and unexpectedness of a true woman (*i.e.* man's ideal woman) with feminine resourcefulness added to the bravery and capacity of a man. Like most simple-minded strong men of action, David is full of conventional ideas, although he does not let these ideas interfere much with his practice. The author appears to hold the modern idea that women are the real rulers of the world, and certainly Joan is far and away the "best man" in the book. The glimpses of savage life are very vivid: we see how inevitably civilisation conquers, though in order to conquer it must to some extent go back to savagery. The story is complicated by the introduction of Tudor, a genuine adventurer, but a man without character, and how Joan will decide between the two men is doubtful to the very end. The book will be enjoyed not only for the story, but because the characters are thoroughly sympathetic, and not mere puppets playing their parts in a thrilling plot.

SUFFRAGETTE SALLY. By G. Colmore. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

In "Suffragette Sally" we not only get a vigorous, inspiring story, but a clear outline of the militant movement which is undoubtedly one of the most discussed topics of the present day. To many—those who talk of the militants and "cheap martyrdom" and "self-notoriety"—the book will be a revelation. A number of the incidents in the story are taken from real life—most of us will remember reading garbled reports of them in the newspapers, when they took place—and some of the characters are also taken from life, and given such thinly disguised names as Mrs. Amherst, Christina Amherst, Annie Carnie, and Lady Henry Hill. Sally is a "general" in the Bilkes household, and between her mistress's scoldings, her master's unwelcome attentions, and the care of the little Bilkeses she drudges through her daily life. Then one day she goes to a meeting, and hears Lady Henry Hill speak—and a new life opens out before her. A good vindication of the militant movement is given by Lady Hill; she likens it to the incoming tide, and the opposition to the rocks on the shore—the rocks that make the breakers, the rocks that the tide is going to overtake. There are many different types of men and women in the story, some of them Suffra*gettes*, some of them Suffra*gists*, and some of them Anti's. Believers in Women Suffrage will read the book with keen interest, and feel deeply grateful to the author for using her able pen to such good purpose and laying before the public so powerful and vivid a story as "Suffragette Sally." A copy might be placed with advantage in the hands of every broad-minded Anti-Suffragist.

THE UNKNOWN GOD. By B. L. Putnam Weale. 6s. (Macmillan.)

A novelist who has some strong ideas is apt to fall into the inartistic error of making his background so rich that the figures in the foreground are overshadowed, and Mr. Putnam Weale has more than once slipped into this mistake. We are all familiar with the figure of the young European missionary who discovers that he is out of sympathy with the methods of his church abroad. Add a love complication, and you get a fairly serviceable plot for a story. But in "The Unknown God" the larger problem of Islam in China emerges. Mr. Putnam Weale makes the local Commissioner a secret ally of the Mahommedans, with the result that his attitude towards the European missionaries becomes more than ambiguous. The plot of the story is of the slenderest. Its interest lies really in a series of episodes which the author's first-hand knowledge of China has enabled him to describe with incisive power. But these episodes are loosely connected, and the story ends rather obviously and artificially. The strongest feature of these pages, apart from the information about Mahommedanism in China, is the characterisation of missionaries like the fanatical Grey and the hero, young Hancock, as opposed to the trading community. If Mr. Putnam Weale had given as much time to working out the various underplots, at which he has hinted, as he has devoted to the local colour and the general religious problem, he would have invested a clever piece of story-telling with dramatic interest.

JACOB STAHL. By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

There is another Richmond in Mr. Arnold Bennett's field, for "Jacob Stahl" goes by rights side by side on the shelf with "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Clayhanger." Jacob, in whose veins runs mixed blood that includes a little German and a little Jew, falls out of his perambulator in early infancy and injures his spine. He begins to walk when he is fifteen, thanks altogether to the ministrations of a delightful Aunt Hester. Too delicate a plant for the rough and tumble of school, he derives instruction of a slender and disordered character from a tutor, and is eventually articled to an architect. He is weak-willed but imaginative, and though his womenkind have spoilt him more than a little he is yet a person with ideals, in marked contradistinction to his brother. Eric, on the other hand, is vigorous alike mentally and physically, but with a knowledge that "two and two must and ever will make four, a fact for which there is no palliation and no excuse needed," but of a comprehension unable to include an emotional two or a temperamental four. Eric makes a practical success of life. Not so Jacob, or not in this volume at least, though the "Early History" of the title-page seems to promise a sequel. The anti-climax that arrests the course of his first love-story, an episode of the tale that, for all the boldness of its unconventionality, shows singular mastery and restraint in the treatment, puts a sudden end to his lackadaisical way of life in Ashby Sutton, and Jacob descends on London with the rather hazy intention of becoming a successful architect. His introduction to new aspects of "life" takes place under the tutelage of Tony Farrell, a faithfully portrayed example of a not very attractive type. Mr. Beresford, who makes his sudden and unheralded appearance on the stage of authorship with a literary equipment that is almost startling in its completeness, disposes his narrative after the bioscopic methods of Mr. Wells and the already noticed Mr. Bennett. Not yet perhaps can he boast the cultivated dexterity displayed by these authors in handling a whole group of characters, and he is less at pains to picture the influence of his protagonist on an assorted group of men and women than their collected influence on him. Thus, while Jacob as the central figure bulks ever larger, his companions dwindle, and the resultant picture, though it remains life, is still life a little distorted. Jacob has all the limelight. He plays an actor-manager's part. In only one other person does Mr. Beresford allow himself to become really deeply interested. She is called Aunt Hester.

THE QUEEN'S HAND. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The title of Mrs. Baillie Reynolds's new book is a little misleading; it is not a novel, as one might expect, but a book of short stories. Still, they are very good short stories, and coming from the pen of so popular a writer as Mrs. Reynolds they are sure of a warm welcome from the large public to whom she appeals. The book is named after the first of the collection, "The Queen's Hand," which is an exciting romance that deals with the life of Queen Beatrice of Donauland. Her pluck throughout her adventures will win for her the genuine admiration of all who read the book. The second story is so absorbing and ends in such a tantalising way that one is greatly pleased to find an "Author's Note" on the first page of the story following, stating that it is a sequel to the foregoing, and was written in response to many letters begging to know

"what happened afterwards." Lovers of the mystical will be enthralled with the weird, psychic tale of "The Haunting of White Gates." There is no lack of plot in any of the tales, and told in Mrs. Reynolds's usual charming way the ten make up an altogether attractive and entertaining volume.

THE WITCH LADDER. By Edward S. Tylee. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Tylee describes his story as one of Somerset in the later days of Victoria, and he presents to us an interesting group of Somersetshire people, mostly tillers of the soil. Chief of them is John Dolman, who in his youth travelled and studied much, and then followed his father in the farm. Farmer Parracombe is of a different breed, he being a keen believer in every tale of witchcraft, even to regarding himself as the victim of the murderous machinations of Widow Dance, "th' wold witch." Silas Barley another farmer, is a man of ninety, with a tremendous power of saving money, to use in buying up land on the sly. Another interesting character is Squire Charteris, a refined and scholarly recluse who is anything but clever in financial matters, and who has little worldly wisdom when dealing with his children. The story gives us congenial pictures of life in the country rather than any sustained plot, though there is a little underhand dealing, a little conspiring, and a little love-making, just to help events along. Geoffrey Charteris falls in love with Mary Dolman, while his sister Sarah loses her heart to Geoffrey's tutor: the Squire loses his property, and all the world wonders to find who has got it. By the contemplative reader this book will be found very attractive, for the author has the virtue of drawing out the best from each nature that he touches.

OH! FOR AN ANGEL—— By Marguerite Curtis. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This is a novel of the semi-religious order. The authoress has written it with great care and evidently spent considerable pains upon the development of her plot, in order to invest a somewhat wild idea with human interest. Julyan Binhany is persuaded to undertake the mission of awakening the English nation to spiritual aims. His success involves him in a love-affair with Lily Quenton, the pretty niece of a Nonconformist divine whose sermon first awakened Julyan to his vocation. Her influence enables him to realise the meaning of his career. But this consummation is not reached until both he and she have passed through an ordeal. Miss Curtis has made her pages throb with a moral intensity which now and then would border upon hysteria were it not for the vital grasp of human nature which she displays. It is a long, large novel. Probably it would have been more effective if it had been less ambitious. Still, the main theme is moving and subtle, and the high tone of the authoress helps to carry the reader through chapter after chapter, till Julyan's good angel becomes his wife.

The Bookman's Table.

THACKERAY'S WORKS. Centenary Biographical Edition: The Newcomes. 2 Vols. 6s. net each. (Smith, Elder.)

As each month brings its two or three new volumes in this delightful new edition of the works of Thackeray, one has neither inclination nor need to do anything but praise them. "The Newcomes," like its predecessors, is fully illustrated with all the original drawings and many fresh ones of Thackeray's own, these latter serving to illustrate Lady Ritchie's charming biographical introductions. The present volumes contain the numerous sketches of Doyle, one of Thackeray's most satisfying illustrators; and the preface gives vivid and pleasant glimpses of the novelist, quoting largely from his letters, whilst he was deep in the writing of the story, working at it during travels abroad or quietly settled at home; and there is an admirable account, by a young lady who met him at that time, of his appearance, manner, and conversation and the reception he had when he went to Coventry to lecture on the English Humorists, whilst "The Newcomes" was in its early serial numbers. No one could wish for a better edition of Thackeray than this promises to be when its monthly tale of volumes is completed, and no more ample and intimate biography of him could be desired than is supplied by the letters, records, and personal recollections that go to the making of Lady Ritchie's series of prefaces.

NOTABLE TRIALS: Franz Muller, Edited by H. B. Irving. **Mrs. M'Lachlan,** Edited by William Roughead. **The Stauntons,** Edited by J. B. Atlay. 5s. net each. (William Hodge & Co.)

However much one may loathe crime and condemn the criminal, there is no denying that there is something curiously and horribly fascinating in the grim and squalid stories of mystery and death that are unfolded by judges, barristers, and the tangled testimony of witnesses in our courts of justice. Here in these three latest additions to Messrs. Hodge's "Notable English and Scottish Trials" series, we have three of the most famous criminal romances of modern times, retold with a fulness and wealth of detail that in a novel might be somewhat tedious, but here, simply because one is reading of fact, and not of imaginary persons and incidents, one follows all the arguments of judge and counsel, and reads the conflicting and often baffling evidence of witnesses for and against the prisoner with unflagging interest. Each book has a preface in which the case is briefly and vividly outlined; then comes a verbatim report of the trial—addresses of counsel, examination and cross-examination of witnesses, summing up of judges and pronouncing of sentence, with some description of the scene in court and the behaviour of those concerned in the terrible business. No inventions of the sensational novelist could hold a reader's attention as these stories do; trial scenes in fiction are pale and ineffectual by comparison; it is the sense of reality that is inherent in them, the knowledge that such things actually happened, and that such people actually played the parts we see them re-enacting that give the drama and the mystery of these records the awful human element that is the secret of their strange attraction. The volumes are well illustrated with portraits, well produced, and very capably edited; we should not recommend them for general reading, but the student of character and motive, of the primitive savage who lives in the heart of civilised man, and of the whole under-side of things will find them suggestive and unquestionably valuable.

RUSSIAN FLASHLIGHTS. By Jaakoff Prelooker. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Jaakoff Prelooker's latest volume will be found interesting rather from its subject-matter than from its literary merits, although we have no wish to decry these latter. His English style is workmanlike and readable, and, for a foreigner, remarkably idiomatic; but in the greater number of the sketches he has rather unnecessarily sacrificed the literary virtues for a baldly matter-of-fact manner. The subject-matter of his ten sketches principally concerns the sufferings and adventures of individuals of the revolutionary party in Russia, and we believe that every reader will find it absorbing in interest. A biographical sketch of the author, translated from the Italian by Miss Helena Frank, prefaces the volume. Mr. Prelooker is the son of a Russian rabbi, and he was brought up to believe that the principal teaching of Christianity was "to persecute and even kill Jews." When he dis-

covered his mistake, he decided to preach reconciliation between Jew and Christian, a resolve which afterwards broadened into a conception "of the oneness of the origin and ultimate aim of all religious creeds." For his religious views he was excommunicated from the Jewish faith, and soon afterwards he came over to England, where from the start he has employed himself by-lecturing on Russian affairs, and in journalism (he is editor of the *Anglo-Russian*) and literature. He married an English lady in 1905, and he has also identified himself as a strong adherent of the cause of Woman Suffrage. His is, in fact, a most interesting personality, and we have little doubt that "Russian Flashlights" will appeal to a considerable public.

THE MILITANT SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT. By Teresa Billington-Greig. 2s. 6d. (Frank Palmer.)

The book is based on the personal experiences of Mrs. Billington-Greig while working with the Women's Social and Political Union and the Women's Freedom League, and she sets herself, not to condemn militancy, but the way in which the modern militant suffrage movement has been carried out. "Votes for women we must have," she says in her Foreword, "and many other things for women; but votes for women over-hurried and at any price may cost us too dear. I do not believe that woman is the superior of man any more than I believe that she is his inferior. Pretensions of sex-superiority are like bad coins; they are just as bad whichever face is turned up." She compares the original hopes and intentions of the militant movement with its achievements, and gives her reasons why she thinks the movement has failed to carry out its early promises. It is an interesting, well-reasoned book, written in a clear and vivid style.

WORDSWORTHSHIRE. By Eric Robertson. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

In this "introduction to a poet's country" (to which we gave some preliminary notice in our Spring Supplement) Mr. Robertson offers us no work of topography, as the reader might possibly suppose. The book, the author says, "will be found to be neither a Guide to the Lakes nor an analysis of Wordsworth's Complete Works, but a series of suggestions about a poet's mind in relation to the country in which he dwelt." Mr. Robertson, of course, possesses an intimate knowledge of the Lake Country—his preface is dated from Windermere—while he has also a keen sense of character, as his chapter on the dalesmen evidences. His theory is that his surroundings left an indelible mark upon Wordsworth's character and the character of his work. As the author is also a confirmed hero-worshipper, the book naturally contains a large number of extracts from the poet's works. We might, perhaps, have wished for a little more of Mr. Robertson and a little less of Wordsworth, but for the fact that many portions of the book are illuminating in the highest degree and these portions are frequently those which are stocked with the largest number of quotations. Mr. Robertson has even reduced his argument to a diagram. "The square represents the Lake District, and more particularly represents Wordsworthshire, with Grasmere as its centre. At the four corners of the square stand Cockermouth, Penrith, Hawkshead, Kendal. Each of these places is the centre of a circle of influence, part of which falls within Wordsworthshire. The Cockermouth Circle typifies Pure Nature. . . . The Penrith Circle shows Separation from Pure Nature. . . . The Hawkshead Circle contains Return to Nature and beginnings of the Search for Natural Man, as distinguished from the Fighting Man and the Trading Man of Penrith's history. This circle shows a Danish Boy entered into a Celtic land appropriated by Scandinavians." And it is explained later that "Kendal and Kendal politics . . . assumed a large place in Wordsworth's thought." This excerpt will suffice to show how thoroughly the author carries out his theories. Indeed, his enthusiasm and sincerity lead to a most interesting and suggestive book, which we cannot leave without a word of thanks for the additional pleasure given us by the numerous and well-reproduced pencil drawings of Mr. Arthur Tucker.

Wordsworth's Birthplace, Cockermouth.
From "Wordsworthshire," by Eric Robertson. (Chatto & Windus.)

AMURATH TO AMURATH. By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Heinemann.)

Books of travel that are yet literature are the rarest things to be discovered. When discovered they are things that never tire and never weary. The latest adventurous soul who achieved the North Pole, or who thought he achieved the North Pole, publishes his highly exciting account of it all: an account that is awaited with eagerness, and read with avidity, and then for ever forgotten. It is borrowed from some or other circulating library and then returned thither. Meanwhile "The Bible in Spain" is a permanent possession on our shelves and a permanent joy in our minds. To say that there is something of this about Miss Bell's book would seem to give praise too lightly; but it is true nevertheless. There are illustrations, and the illustrations are good; there is knowledge, and it is abundant; there is capability, and it is ample. But these things may be, and yet there may be no book. What are required are the far, far rarer virtues of style and charm; and both of these she has. She has so drunk in the spirit of the peoples of Syria and the Euphrates valley that she often actually achieves the haunting

cadences of Biblical speech. And we do not feel that it is sought after; we feel that it is born of its subject. That this is so can be seen from the fact that often when Miss Bell is least inclined to the Biblical cadence she is most full of charm. Take this passage: "Hmeidî was a doubly married man, and while one of his wives remained at Buseirah, the other dwelt at Abu Kemâl. His beat was between the two places. 'And so,' he explained, 'I find a wife and children to welcome me at either end.' 'That is very convenient,' said I. 'Yes,' he answered gravely."—What charm there is in that; what restraint; what humour; what a cadence and a feeling for words. But there are much better things in the book.

SUCCESS IN LITERATURE. By William Morris Colles and Henry Cresswell. 5s. net. (Methuen.)—**THE WRITER.** By George Lansing Raymond and Post Wheeler. 4s. net. (Putnam.)

Here are two handbooks from which the young author will get many useful hints and much practical information. Nobody knows better than Mr. Morris Colles what difficulties beset the path of the literary beginner nor the likeliest ways of overcoming them. His counsels are consistently shrewd and sound, and he and Mr. Cresswell back them in these pages with the advice, aphorisms, and a record of the doings and experiences of writers of renown. There are chapters on success, originality, equipment, reading, style, form and treatment, on methods of work, and the hundred and one such matters that concern the author and are involved in the business of authorship. Professional writers will get a good deal from the book that is interesting and stimulating, but, despite the suggestion in the preface, it is the beginner, the man in need of a friendly guide and adviser, who will find it most thoroughly serviceable. It is for the beginner too, and for his teachers, that Messrs. Raymond and Wheeler have designed "The Writer," an admirable text-book that aims by means of quotations from leading authors, explanations and set exercises, to lead "the pupil to appreciate artistic qualities in prose and poetry, and to recognise how these qualities can be reproduced by himself." The literary aspirant will do well to add both these books to his library.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. GREENING.

In Mr. David Whitelaw's new novel, **The Man with the Red Beard** (6s.), Samuel Mannering, part proprietor of the *Daily Mercury*, just returned from a visit to Russia, goes to the Empire Theatre one evening, and there comes across a stranger who attracts his attention, speaks to him, and then makes a curious request. "I . . . am Paul Birkstof," he says, "who is wanted by the police for the robbery of the Azof diamond from Sir Boris Fenbery. There is a reward of a thousand pounds for its recovery. That is why I spoke to you. I want you to give me up." The reasons for this strange entreaty form the basis of a strong, dramatic story that shows great ingenuity in the construction of its plot. Mr. David Whitelaw tells his tale powerfully, sympathetically, with masterly skill and an eye for effect. The scenes are laid in England and Russia, and the exciting adventures Mannering goes through in both countries will hold the reader thrilled and interested from beginning to end. The book is admirably illustrated by Mr. Frank Wright.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

By calling his book **The Golden Land** (6s.) Mr. Arthur E. Copping prepares us for the tone that pervades it. For he paints here in colours as attractive as Mr. Harold Copping's admirable illustrations the prospects of British settlers in Canada. These have often been described before, but not with greater charm and power to convince. Mr. Copping shows the great possibilities that lie open for the proper type of emigrant, and successfully demonstrates that the failures so often exploited are due not to any fault of the agencies concerned but to the folly and incapacity of individuals. It is a bracing and cheerful book, brimful of reasoned optimism. Twenty-four full-page illustrations in colour add greatly to its attractiveness.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

A comedy, which is farcical at short intervals, has reached us, under the title of **Young Mr. Gibbs,** by Mrs. Victor Rickard (6s.). It is frankly one of the most amusing books it has been our luck to meet this season. Looked at from the outside its relentless drawing of the character of Clarence Venning, the ultra-cultured author, is cynical to the point of bitter cruelty; but, taken as part and parcel of the story, it is intensely funny. Clarence disapproves of his mother, an elderly lady who insists upon being young and sprightly. He endures agonies of shame by reason of his thin skin and his relationship. His mother goads him in her smilingly, malicious way, cultivates vulgar friends, and introduces them to him; and, above all, terrifies him with the fear that she will marry a handsome underbred boy, the Mr. Gibbs of the title. The chronicle of Clarence's endeavours to save his mother from bringing ridicule upon himself makes this book. Mrs. Rickard's pages are cleverly masculine in style.

MESSRS. HERBERT & DANIEL.

In the shelf of books which contains such treasures as "The Roadmender," "The Invisible Playmate," and other unclassable gems, there will, we think, be found room for **The Hermit of Dreams,** by Ruth Temple Lindsay (3s. 6d. net). Five stories are bound within its covers, stories instinct with mystic charm, with grace, beauty, and reverence. They are told by the tall, emaciated, suffering Hermit, and they seem to bring the three worlds—the Past, the Present and the Future—very simply, clearly, naturally, and beautifully close to one another and to us. It is a little book to stir thought, to give comfort, and to win affection.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & CO.

A particularly interesting piece of biographical work is the volume containing **The Letters and Journal of Count Charles Leiningen-Westerburg,** edited by Henry Marczali, Ph.D. (7s. 6d. net). Leiningen was one of the heroic generals in the War of Independence, 1848–9, and the letters and journal here translated and published cover those momentous months. The letters were written chiefly by Leiningen to his wife, and contain detailed accounts of notable men and affairs of the time. The volume is one of extreme human interest, and is a most revealing first-hand account of a comparatively little-known piece of Hungary's history.

MESSRS. JOHN OUSELEY, LTD.

"The pages that follow," says Mr. W. J. Wintle in the preface to his new book, **Nights with an Old Lag** (5s. net), "suffer from the disadvantage that they are true." But this still leaves it open for us to regard the statement as only a part of Mr. Wintle's Defoe-like methods. The "old lag" whose conversations Mr. Wintle professes to report had spent twenty years in prison, and his reminiscences extend from Newgate to Dartmoor and Parkhurst. Altogether there are about two dozen episodes described, most of them relating to burglaries carried out with great skill and daring, and, for the most part, with amazing luck. The narratives make very interesting reading, and certainly have every appearance of being informed with first-hand knowledge. An interesting chapter describes the old lag's feelings on revisiting London after twenty years spent "in the country," and his astonishment at seeing telephones and motors. The book contains an edifying chapter of practical hints on how to guard against burglars. Like Sir Walter Scott, the old lag recommends the possession of a Scotch terrier.

MESSRS. BOWRING & CO.

Songs of the Dean Bourn, by C. J. Perry-Keene (3s. 6d. net), is a volume which has for frontispiece a view of Herrick's Vicarage at Dean Prior. The pages which follow are more varied than Herrick's "Hesperides," if less inspired. The author, however, is not a vain man; he sets no terribly high value upon his work; but he has an observant eye and a facile pen, and in this collection of poetry and prose, grave and gay, his readers will find much to entertain them.

MESSRS. HEADLEY BROS.

A slim grey volume containing **Songs of a Factory Girl,** by Ethel Carnie (1s. net), is one of those collections of verse in which singleness of heart and purity of sentiment are more to be noticed than skill in technique or freshness of expression. Miss Carnie's themes are varied; she turns from Nature-scenes to Life, and Faith, and Failure. One of the best poems in her little book is "An Old Woman's Hands":

> "Hands, I would kiss you passionate and fond,
> Lay on the withered brown my youthful lips
> In adoration! . . ."

It is a simple, pathetic poem, unaffected and full of feeling.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

We are glad to welcome Miss Lina Eckenstein's learned and delightful book, **Comparative Studies in Nursery Rhymes** (2s. 6d. net). Whether for knowledge of dates and origins, or for mere pleasure in recalling old favourites, this volume is perennially fascinating. It is a monument of learning, attractively presented. Messrs. Duckworth have included it in their admirable "Reader's Library."

New Books of the Month.

FROM APRIL 10 TO MAY 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

CANDLER, ARTHUR.—Faith and Experience: an Analysis of the Factors of Religious Knowledge. 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)

COBBOLD, REV. GEORGE A., B.A.—"This Church of England": a Course of Addresses. With Preface by Rt. Rev. Charles C. Grafton, S.T.D. 1s. 6d. net.....(Mowbray)

Coronation Services, 1911. 17 Hymns and Tunes compiled by Rev. J. Mountain, D.D. 2d. ....(Morgan & Scott)

CURLING, EDWARD, M.A.—The Transfiguration, with Other Sermons and Short Addresses for Fast and Festival. With Introduction by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Salisbury. 3s. 6d. net.....(Ouseley)

FIELD, G. C., B.A.—The Doctrine of the Trinity in Recent Apologetic. 1d. (British and Foreign Unitarian Assoc.)

Gospel, The, according to St. Luke. With Introduction and Notes by Alfred E. Garvie, M.A., D.D. With Map. 2s. net and 3s. net .....(Melrose)

HODGKIN, THOMAS, D.C.L.—The Trial of our Faith, and Other Papers. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Macmillan)

JOHNSTON, REV. R. E., M.A.—The Church and the Children; a Handbook of the Graded Sunday School and the Catechism. 6d. net and 1s. 6d. net.....(Mowbray)

ROBERTS, REV. R. (Bradford).—The Collapse of Historical Christianity. 1d. .....(Watts)

ROBINSON, H. WHEELER, M.A.—The Christian Doctrine of Man. 6s. net ..... (T. & T. Clark)

RYDER, REV. HENRY IGNATIUS DUDLEY.—Essays. Edited by Francis Bacchus. With Frontispiece. 9s. net .....(Longmans)

STEPHENSON, REV. H. S., M.A.—Three Hymns for the Coronation of their Most Gracious Majesties King George V. and Queen Mary. 1s. per 100..(Walter Scott)

NEW EDITIONS.

BENHAM, REV. CANON, D.D.—St. John and his Work. With Frontispiece. 6d. net .....(Dent)

COMTE, AUGUSTE.—Early Essays on Social Philosophy. Translated by Henry Dix Hutton. New Edition, with Additional Notes and an Introduction by Frederic Harrison. 1s. net, 1s. 6d. net, and 2s. net (Routledge)

RAE, REV. G. MILNE, D.D.—Connection beteen Old and New Testaments. With Frontispiece. 6d. net .....(Dent)

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AGNEW, GEORGETTE.—The Bread upon the Waters. 6s. (Heinemann)

ANDOM, R.—In Fear of a Throne. With Preface by R. Hodder. With 50 Illustrations by G. W. Wakefield. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

ARMSTRONG, DONALD PRINGLE.—The Marriage of Quixote. 6s. .....(Secker)

ASKEW, ALICE AND CLAUDE.—The Stolen Lady. With Coloured Frontispiece. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)

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